THE MUSICAL MISCELLANY;

Being a COLLECTION *of*

CHOICE SONGS,

Set to the VIOLIN *and* FLUTE,

By the moſt Eminent MASTERS.

VOLUME *the* SECOND.

LONDON:

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SONGS.

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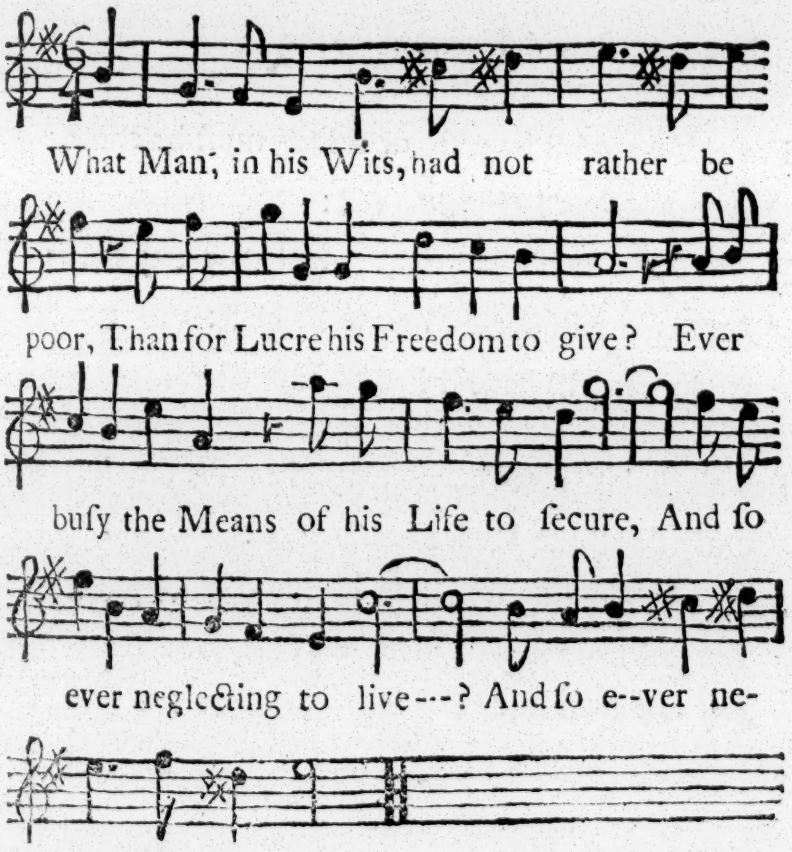
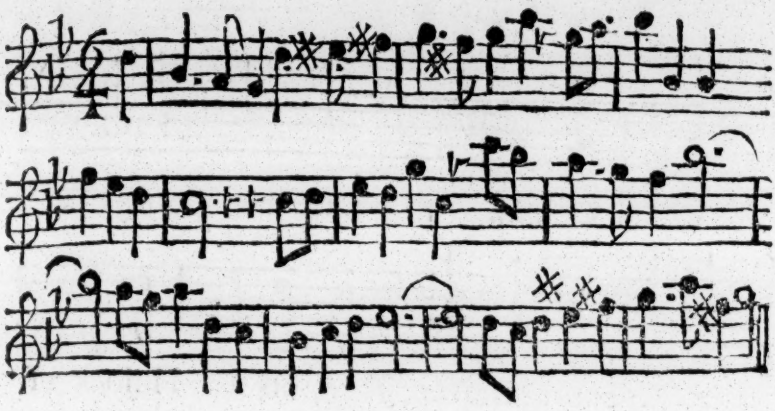
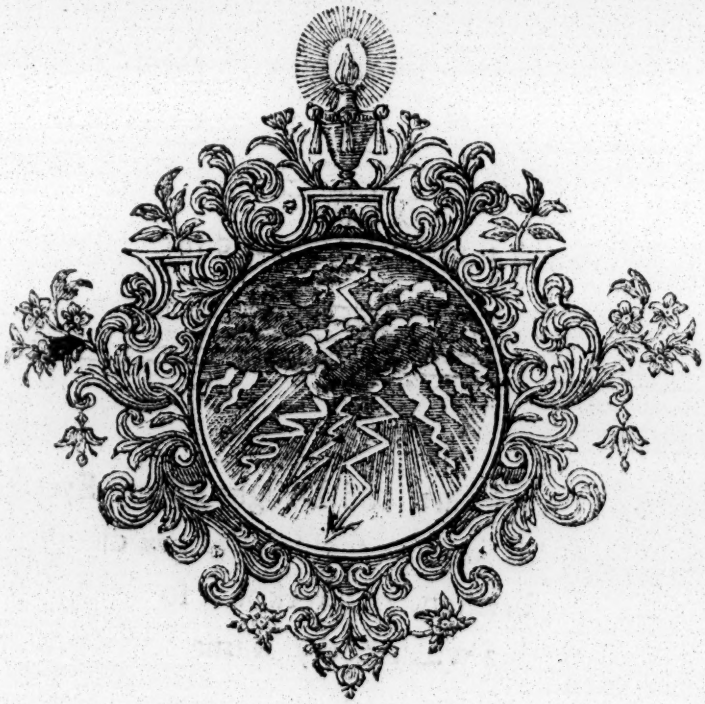


Inviron'd from Morning to Night in a Crowd,
Not a Moment unbent, or alone:
Conſtrain'd to be abject, tho' never ſo proud,
And at ev'ry one's Call, but his own:
And at ev'ry one's Call, but his own:

Still repining, and longing for Quiet each Hour,
Yet ſtudiouſly flying it ſtill;
With the Means of enjoying his Wiſh in his Pow'r,
But accurſt with his wanting the Will:
But accurſt with his wanting the Will.

For a Year muſt be paſt, or a Day muſt be come,
Before he has Leiſure to reſt:
He muſt add to his Store this, or that, pretty Sum;
And then will have Time to be bleſt:
And then will have Time to be bleſt.

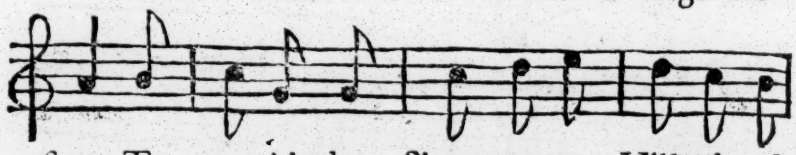
But his Gains, more bewitching, the more they increaſe,
Only ſwell the Deſire of his Eye:
Such a Wretch let mine Enemy live, if he pleaſe;
Let not even mine Enemy die:
Let not even mine Enemy die.

For the FLUTE.



CELADON's JUGG.

Set by Mr. GREENE.

When *Celadon* firſt from his Cottage did



ſtray, To court his dear *Jugg*, on a Hillock of

Hay; What aukward Confuſion oppreſt the poor

Swain, When thus he de--liver'd his Paſſion in

Pain?

O Joy of my Heart, and Delight of my Eyes,
Sweet *Jugg*, 'tis for thee faithful *Celadon* dies;
My Pipe I've forſaken, tho' reckon'd ſo ſweet,
And ſleeping, and waking, thy Name I repeat.

When Swains to an Alehouſe by Force do me lug,
Inſtead of a Pitcher, I call for a Jugg;

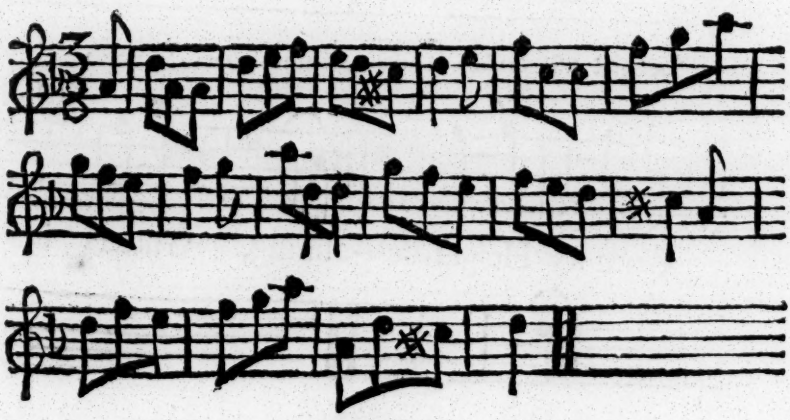
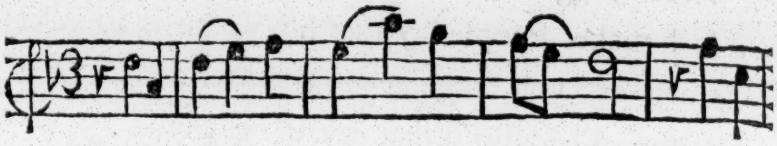
And

And ſure you can't chide at repeating your Name,
When the Nightingale every Night does the ſame.

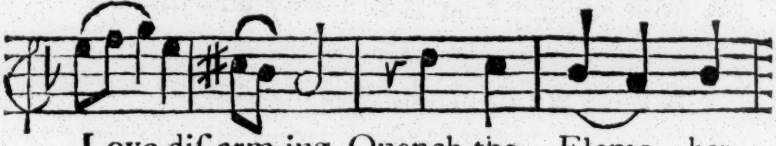
Sweet *Jugg* he a hundred times o'er does repeat,
Which makes People ſay that his Voice is ſo ſweet:
Oh why can you laugh at my ſorrowful Tale?
Too well I'm aſſur'd that my Words won't prevail.

For *Roger* the Thatcher poſſeſſes thy Breaſt,
As he at the laſt Harveſt-Supper confeſs'd;
I own it, ſays *Jugg*, he has gotten my Heart,
His long curling Hair is ſo pretty and ſmart.

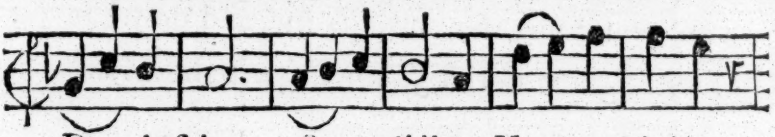
His Eyes are ſo black, and his Cheeks are ſo red,
They prevail more with me, than all you have ſaid;
Tho' you court me, and kiſs me, and do what you can,
'Twill ſignifie nothing, for *Roger*'s the Man.

For the FLUTE.

CHLOE and IRIS.

Wanton *Chloe*, young and charming, Kindles

but a ſhort-liv'd Fire; Fickle Humours,



Love diſ-arm-ing, Quench the Flame her



Eyes inſpire. So a gliding Vapour ſhining,

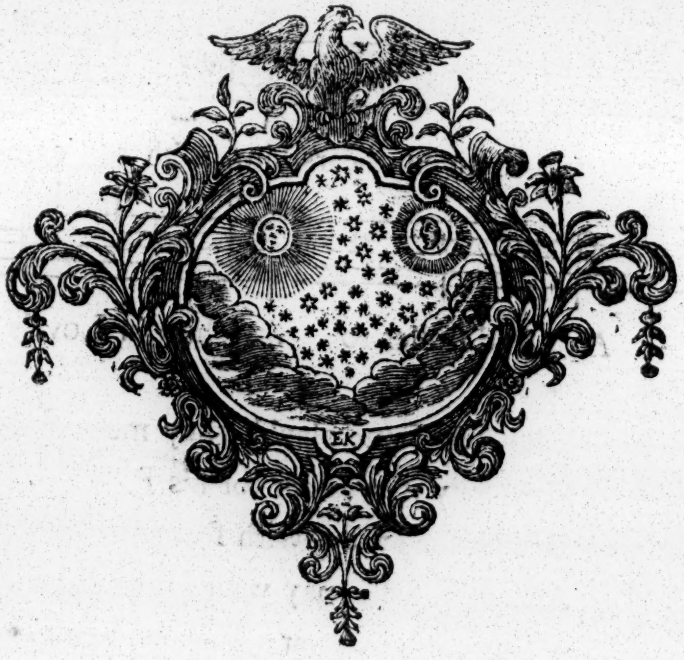
Bright as Stars that deck the Skies, Swiftly

from its Height de---clining, Glitters in its

Fall, and dies.

Iris,

Iris, ev'ry Grace adorning,
Gently warms my fond Deſire;
Sighs for ev'ry Sigh returning,
Like a Veſtal, feeds the Fire.
Hiding ſtill the ſecret Pleaſure,
From the prying vulgar Eye;
Still reſigning all her Treaſure,
Giving, without Pain, the Joy.



The PLAY *of* LOVE.

The Words by Mr. *LEVERIDGE.*

The Air by Dr. PEPUSCH.

The Play of Love is now be---gun, And thus the

Actions do go on: *Strephon* enamour'd

courts the Fair, She hears him with a care--leſs

Air, And ſmiles to find him in Love's Snare.

The Act-Tune play'd, they meet again,
Here Pity moves her for his Pain;
Which ſhe evades with ſome Pretence,
And thinks ſhe may with Love diſpence,
But pants to hear a Man of Senſe.

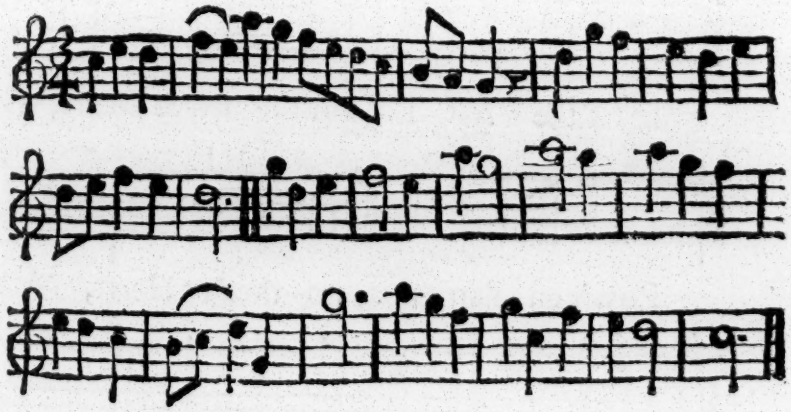
The third Approach her Lover makes,
She colours up, whene'er he ſpeaks;

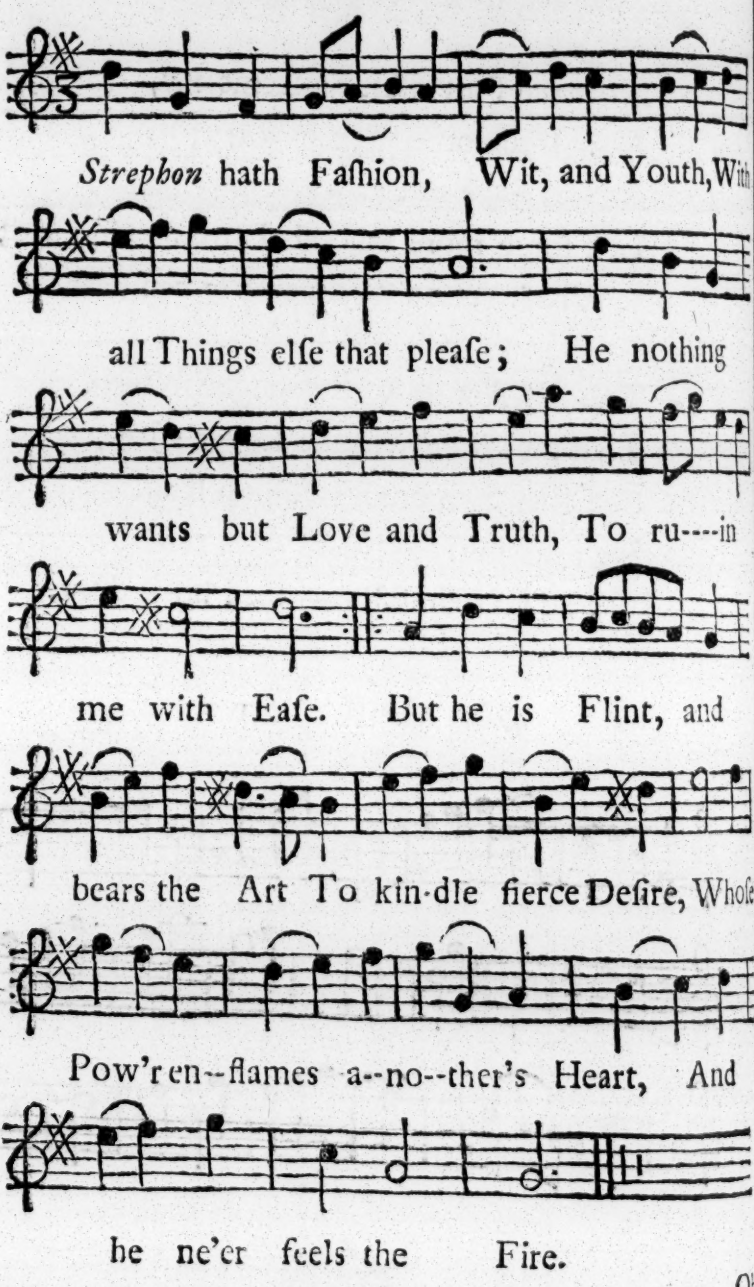
But

But with feign'd Slights ſtill puts him by,
And faintly cries ſhe can't comply,
Altho' ſhe gives her Heart the Lie.

Now the Plot riſes, he ſeems ſhy,
As if ſome other Fair he'd try;
At which ſhe ſwells with Spleen and Fear,
Leſt ſome more wiſe his Love ſhou'd ſhare;
Which yet no Woman e'er can bear.

The laſt Act now is wrought ſo high,
That thus it crowns the Lover's Joy;
She does no more his Paſſion ſhun,
He ſtrait into her Arms does run,
The Curtain falls — the Play is done.

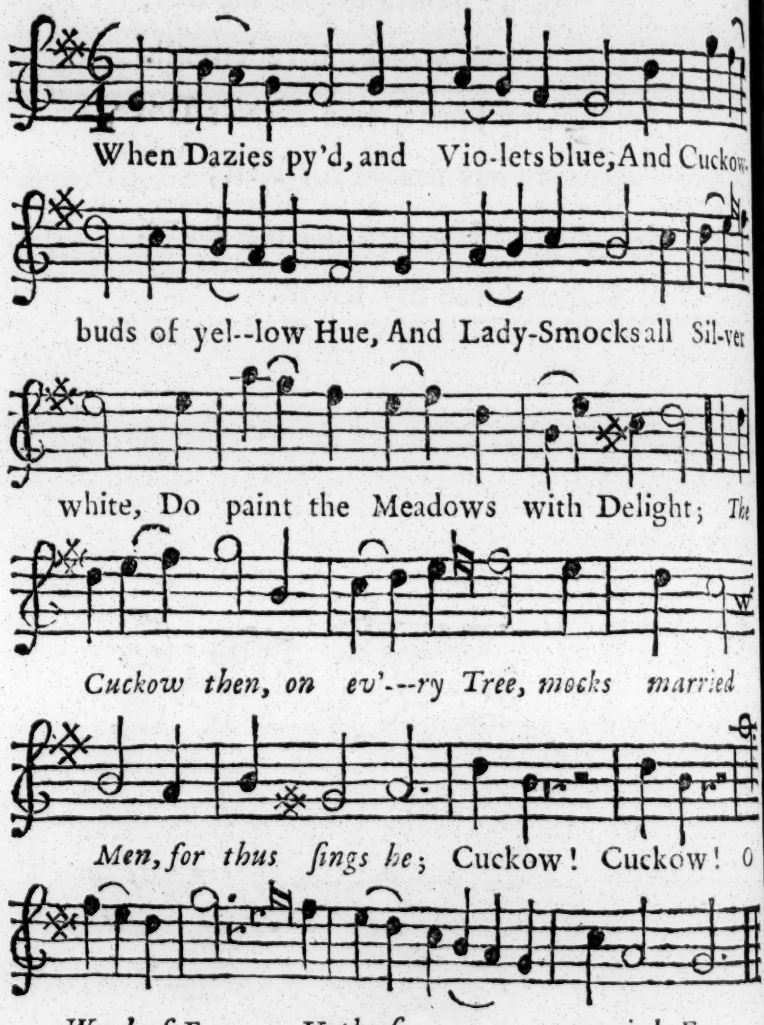
For the FLUTE.

The INSENSIBLE.

Written by a LADY.

Oh

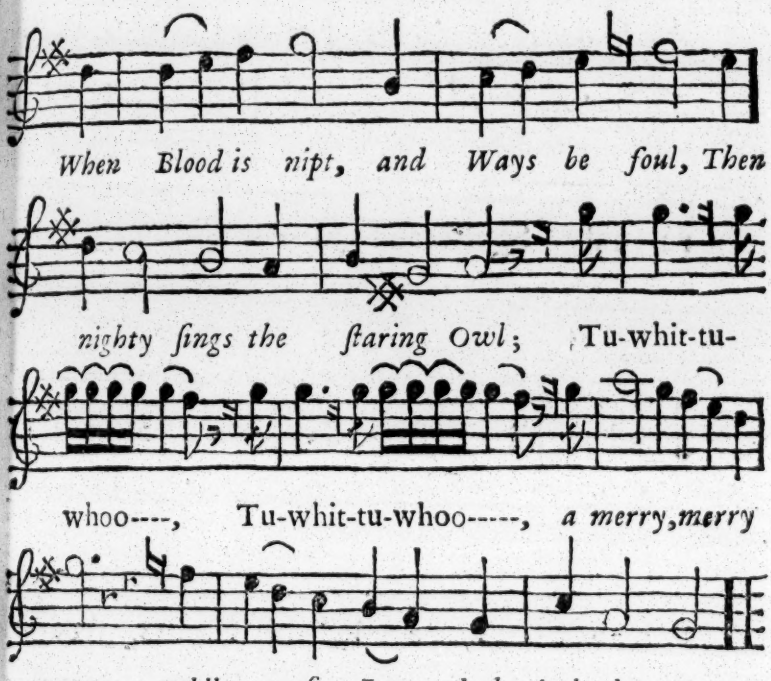
Oh how it does my Soul perplex,
When I his Charms recall;
To think he ſhould deſpiſe the Sex,
Or, what's worſe, love 'em all.
So that my Heart, like *Noah*'s Dove,
In vain has ſought for Reſt;
Finding no Hopes to fix my Love,
Returns into my Breaſt.

From SHAKESPEAR's Love's Labour Loſt.

Set by Mr. LEVERIDGE.

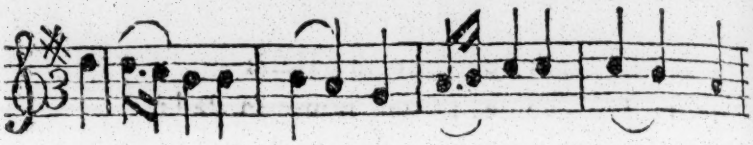
SUMMER.

When Shepherds pipe on Oaten Straws,
And merry Larks are Plowmen's Clocks;
When Turtles tread, and Rooks and Daws;
And Maidens bleach their Summer Smocks:
The Cuckow then, on ev'ry Tree,
Mocks married Men, for thus ſings he;
Cuckow! Cuckow! *O Word of Fear*
Unpleaſing to a married Ear.

WINTER.

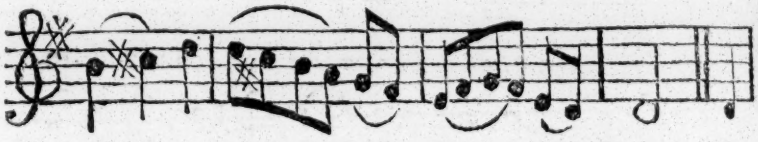
When Iſicles hang by the Wall,
And *Dick* the Shepherd blows his Nail;
And *Tom* bears Logs into the Hall:
And Milk comes frozen home in Pail:

When all aloud the Wind doth blow,
And Coughing drowns the Parſon's Saw;
And Birds ſit brooding in the Snow,
And *Marrian*'s Noſe looks red and raw:
Then roaſted Crabs hiſs in the Bowl;
And nightly ſings the ſtaring Owl:
Tu-whit-tu-whoo, *a merry, merry Note,*
While greaſie Joan *doth keel the Pot.*

The DESPAIRING SHEPHERD.

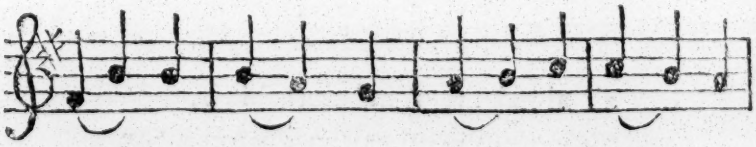
Set by Mr. *GOUGE.*



A---le---xis ſhun'd his Fellow-Swains, Their

ru---ral Sports and jo--cund Strains; (Heav'n

guard us all----- from *Cu----pid*'s Bow!) He

loſt his Crook, he left his Flocks, And,



wand'ring thro' the lonely Rocks, He

nou-riſh'd end-----leſs Woe.

The

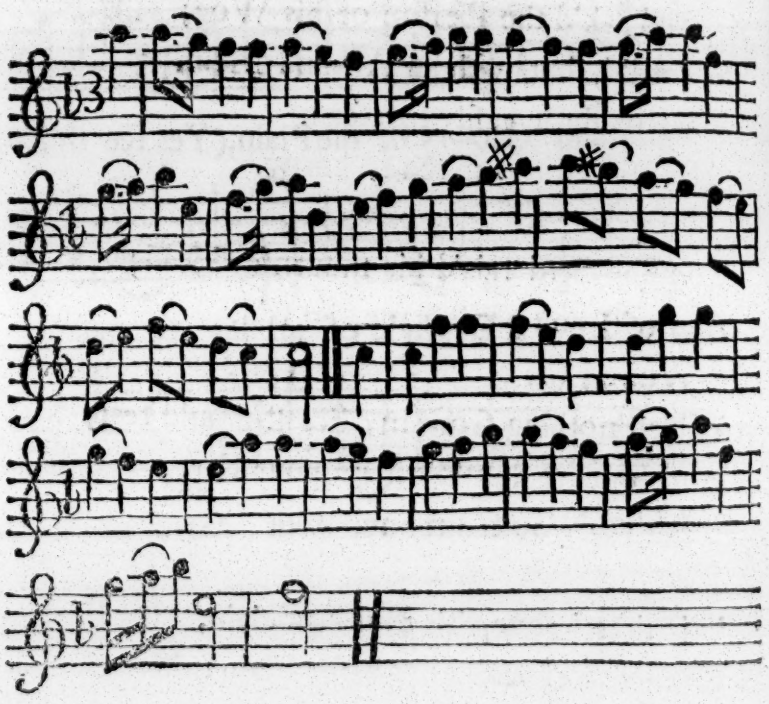
The Nymphs and Shepherds round him came:
His Grief Some pity, Others blame;
The fatal Cauſe All kindly ſeek:
He mingled his Concern with Theirs;
He gave 'em back their friendly Tears;
He ſigh'd, but would not ſpeak.

Clorinda came, among the reſt;
And She too kind Concern expreſt,
And ask'd the Reaſon of his Woe;
She ask'd, but with an Air and Mein.
That made it eaſily foreſeen,
She fear'd too much to know.

The Shepherd rais'd his mournful Head;
And will you pardon me, he ſaid,
While I the cruel Truth reveal?
Which nothing from my Breaſt ſhould tear,
Which never ſhould offend your Ear,
But that you bid me tell.

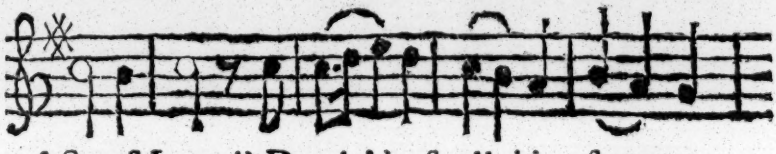
'Tis thus I rove, 'tis thus complain,
Since you appear'd upon the Plain;
You are the Cauſe of all my Care:
Your Eyes ten thouſand Daggers dart;
Ten thouſand Torments vex my Heart:
I love, and I deſpair.

Too much, *Alexis*, I have heard:
'Tis what I thought; 'tis what I fear'd:
And yet I pardon you, ſhe cry'd:
But you ſhall promiſe ne'er again
To breathe your Vows, or ſpeak your Pain:
He bow'd, obey'd, and dy'd.

For the FLUTE.

The TIMOROUS LOVER.

Set by Mr. *JOHN GRANO.*

Young *Da---mon*, once the happieſt Swain, The

Pride and Glo--ry of the Plain, (Yet ſee th'Ef-

fects of Love!) Depriv'd of all his former

Reſt, Shun'd Com--pa--ny, with Grief op-

preſs'd, And ſought the thick---eſt Grove.

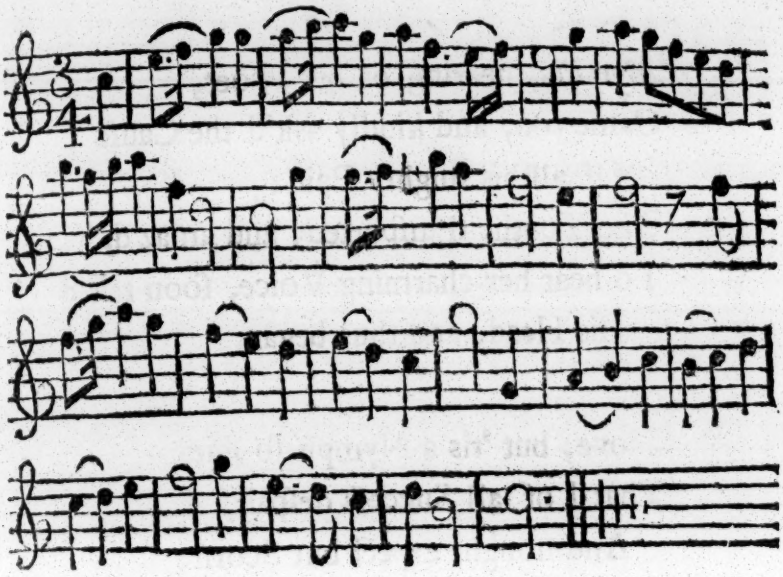
The Nymphs and Swains all ſtrove to find
What 'twas diſturb'd the Shepherd's Mind;
And, when they begg'd to know,

He only ſhook his drooping Head,
And, ſighing mournfully, he ſaid,
My Fate will have it ſo.

Myrtilla, hearing of his Woes,
Came too, and kindly ask'd the Cauſe
Of all his mighty Pain:
The Youth, tranſported, and amaz'd,
To hear her charming Voice, ſoon rais'd
His Head, and thus began.

I love; but 'tis a Nymph ſo fair
That I of all Succeſs deſpair,
And nought expect but Scorn;
But oh! forgive, ſince ask'd by you,
If farther I my Tale purſue,
And ſay, for You I burn.

The Nymph then bluſh'd, and ſmiling ſaid,
And is it thus you court a Maid?
You'll by Experience find,
The Fair's not won by dull Deſpair,
But to the Brave and *Debonnair*
Our Sex will e'er prove kind.

For the FLUTE.

To CELIA *dreſt as a Beau.*

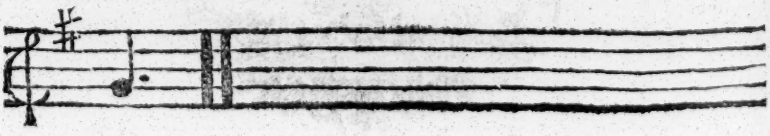
Celia, thou faireſt of the Fair, Thoſe

Eyes ſuch pointed Ar---rows bear, To

dart Defiance round; Thus to go arm'd in

You is vain, Whoſe ve----ry Frown, or

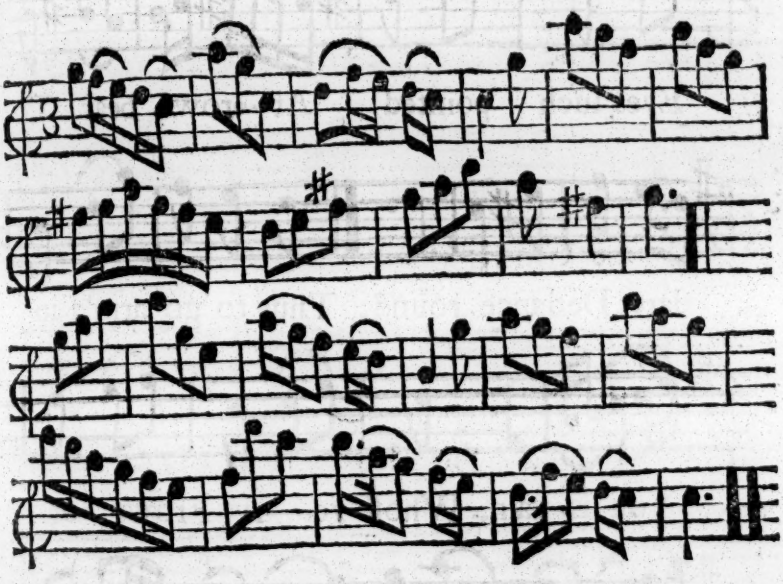
cold Diſ--dain, Can kill, with----out a

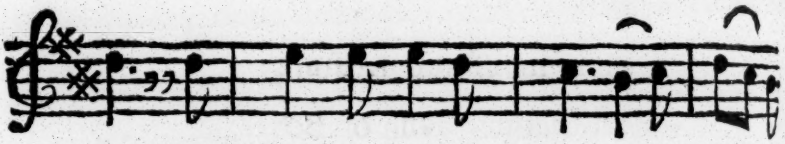


Wound.

Then

Then be not, *Celia*, thus disgrac'd;
Let Swords on fitter Limbs be plac'd:
From such rough Acts desist:
Unarmed, you can conquer more;
Nor can great *Mars*, with all his Pow'r,
Your naked Force resist.

For the FLUTE.

The FAIRY QUEEN.

Come follow, follow me, Ye fairy Elves, that

be; Come follow me your Queen, And trip it

o'er the Green: Hand in Hand we'll dance a-

round, Becauſe this Place is Fairy Ground:

Hand in Hand we'll dance around, Becauſe this

Place is Fairy Ground.

When

When Mortals are at Reſt,
And ſnoring in their Neſt;
Unheard, and uneſpy'd,
Through Key-holes we do glide,
Over Tables, Stools and Shelves,
We trip it with our Fairy Elves.

And if the Houſe be foul,
With Platter, Diſh or Bowl,
Up Stairs we nimbly creep,
And find the Sluts aſleep;
Then we pinch their Arms and Thighs:
None us hears, and none us ſpies.

But if the Houſe be ſwept,
And from Uncleanneſs kept,
We praiſe the Houſhold Maid,
And ſurely ſhe is paid:
Every Night before we go,
We drop a Teſter in her Shoe.

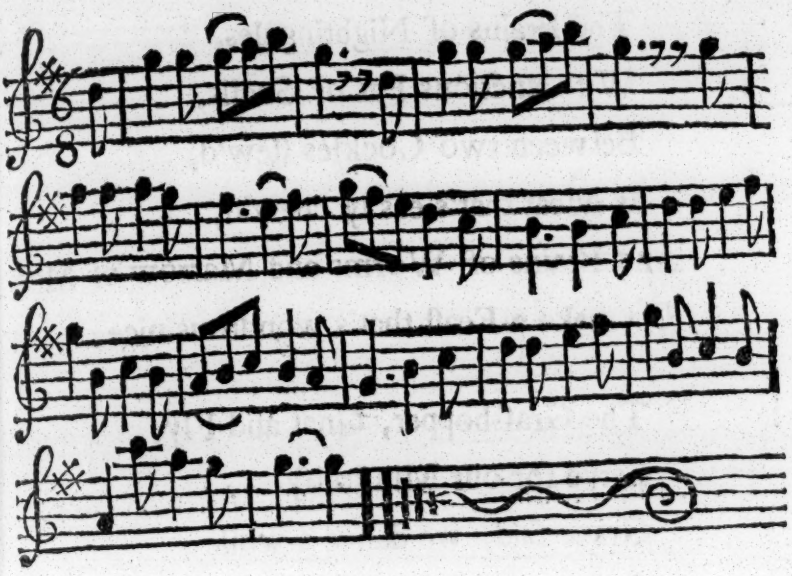
Then o'er a Muſhroom's Head
Our Table-cloth we ſpread,
A Grain of Rye or Wheat,
The Diet that we eat;

Pearly Drops of Dew we drink,
In Acorn Cups fill'd to the Brink.

The Brains of Nightingales,
With unctious Fat of Snails,
Between two Cockles ſtew'd,
Is Meat that's eas'ly chew'd,
And Brains of Worms and Marrow of Mice
Do make a Feaſt that's wondrous nice.

The Graſshopper, Gnat and Fly,
Serve for our Minſtrelſy.
Grace ſaid, we dance a-while,
And ſo the Time beguile;
But if the Moon doth hide her Head,
The Glow-worm lights us home to Bed.

O'er Tops of dewy Graſs
So nimbly we do paſs,
The young and tender Stalk
Ne'er bends where we do walk;
Yet in the Morning may be ſeen,
Where we the Night before have been.

For the FLUTE.

The HUNTING SONG *in* APOLLO *and* DAPHNE.

Away, away, we've crown'd the Day, we've

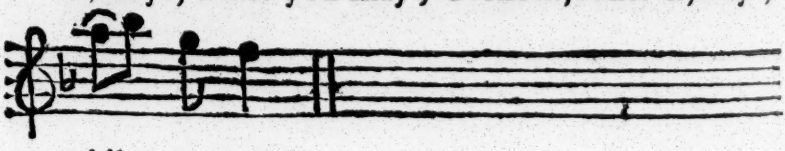
crown'd the Day; Away, away, we've crown'd the

Day; The Hounds are waiting for their Prey;

The Huntſman's Call in--vites ye all, The

Huntſman's Call in----vites ye all; Come in, come

in, Boys, while you may; Come in, come in, Boys,



while you may.

The

The jolly Horn, the roſie Morn, the roſie Morn,
The jolly Horn, the roſie Morn,
With Harmony of deep-mouth'd Hounds;
Theſe, theſe, my Boys, are heav'nly Joys,
Theſe, theſe, my Boys, are heav'nly Joys,
A Sportſman's Pleaſure knows no Bounds:
A Sportſman's Pleaſure knows no Bounds:

The Horn ſhall be the Husband's Fee, the Husband's Fee,
The Horn ſhall be the Husband's Fee,
And let him take it not in Scorn;
The Brave and Sage, in ev'ry Age,
The Brave and Sage, in ev'ry Age,
Have not diſdain'd to wear the Horn:
Have not diſdain'd to wear the Horn.

CELIA.

Set by Mr. *RAMONDON.*

Leſs I can't, the Gods can tell, Love *Celia* leſs, than

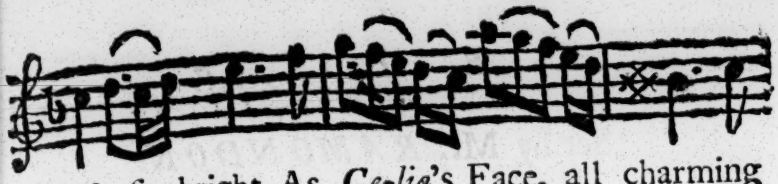
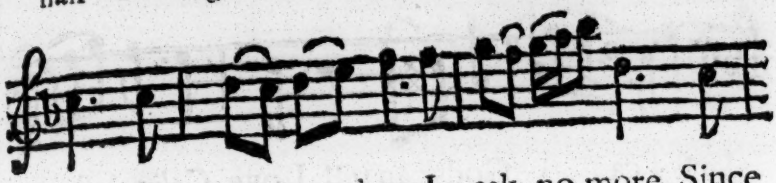
love her well; To love her leſs, were not her Due; to

love her more, no Man can do. For to en-

joy the charming She, I'd forfeit Life and Liber-

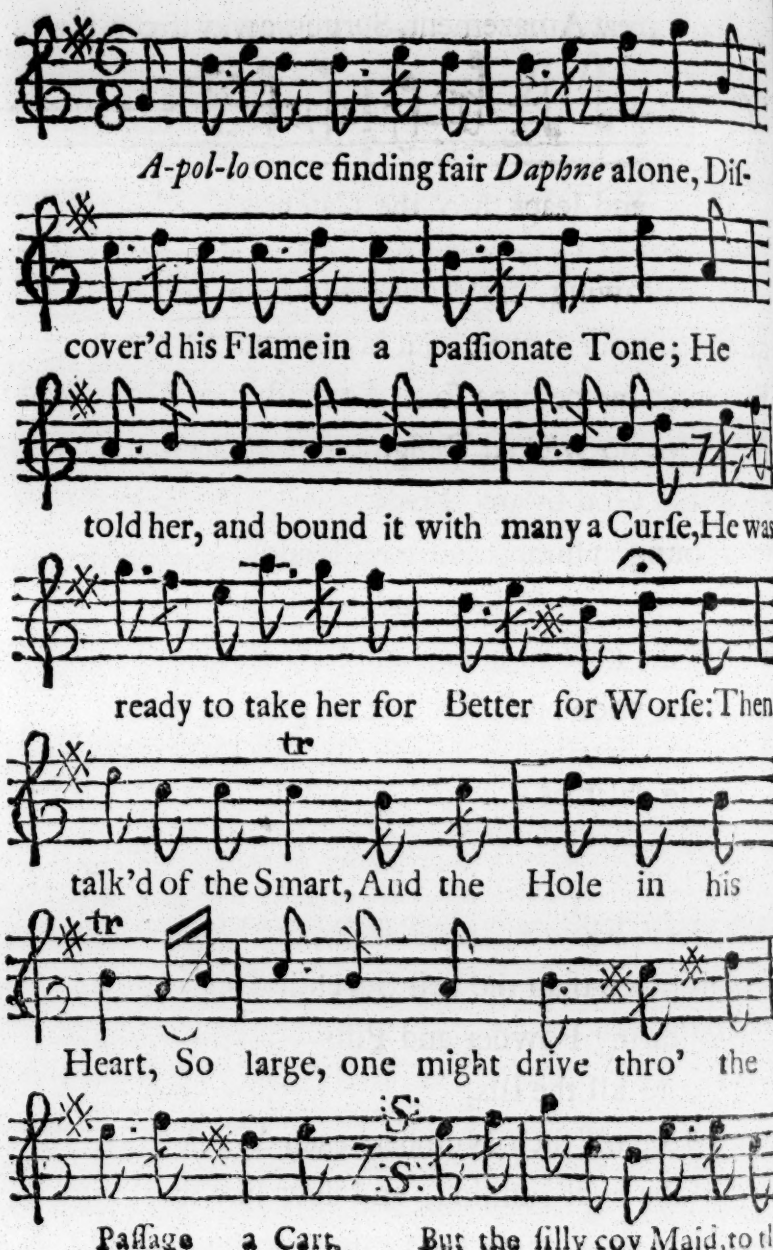
ty; I'd for---feit Life and Li-ber-ty: New fall'n

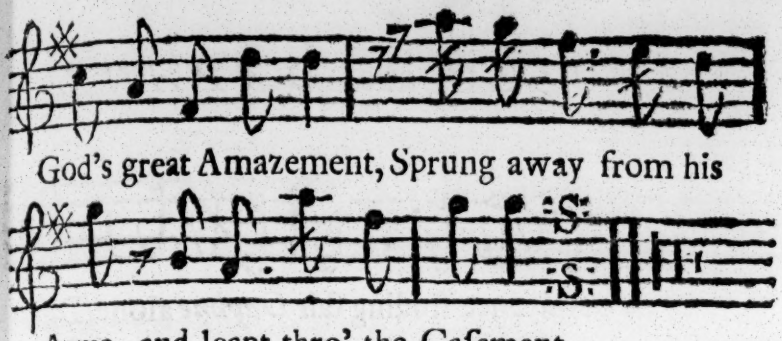
Snow's not half ſo white, Nor poliſh'd Diamonds

half

half ſo bright, As *Ce-lia*'s Face, all charming

Light: Then grant me her, I ask no more, Since

Ce----lia I was born t'a--dore.

APOLLO and *DAPHNE.*





God's great Amazement, Sprung away from his Arms, and leapt thro' the Caſement.

He, following, cry'd out, My Life, and my Dear,
Return to your Lover, and lay by your Fear:
You think me perhaps ſome Scoundrel or Whoreſon;
Alas! I've no wicked Deſign on your Perſon.
I'm a God by my Trade,
Young, plump, and well made;
Then let me careſs thee, and be not afraid.
But ſtill ſhe kept running, and flew like the Wind;
While the poor purſy God came panting behind.

I'm the chief of Phyſicians, and none of the College
Muſt be mention'd with me for Experience and Know-[ledge:
Each Herb, Flower, and Plant by its Name I can call,
And do more than the beſt Seventh Son of them All.
With my Powder and Pills
I cure all the Ills,
That ſweep off ſuch Numbers each Week in the Bills.
But ſtill ſhe kept running, and flew like the Wind;
While the poor purſy God came panting behind.

Beſides,

Beſides, I'm a Poet, Child, into the Bargain,
And top all the Writers of fam'd *Covent-Garden*:
I'm the Prop of the Stage, and the Pattern of Wit;
I ſet my own Sonnets, and ſing to my Kit:
I'm at *Will*'s all the Day,
And each Night at the Play;
And Verſes I make faſt as Hops, as they ſay.
When ſhe heard him talk thus, ſhe redoubled her Speed,
And flew like a Whore from a Conſtable freed.

Now, had our wiſe Lover (but Lovers are blind)
In the Language of *Lombard-Street* told her his Mind;
" Look, Lady, what here is, 'tis plenty of Money;
" Odsbobs, I muſt ſwinge thee, my Joy and my Honey;
" I ſit next the Chair,
" And ſhall ſhortly be Mayor,
" Neither *Clayton* nor *Duncomb* with me can compare:
Tho' as wrinkled as *Prim*, as deform'd as the Devil,
The God had ſucceeded, the Nymph had been Civil.

The COLLIER's DAUGHTER.

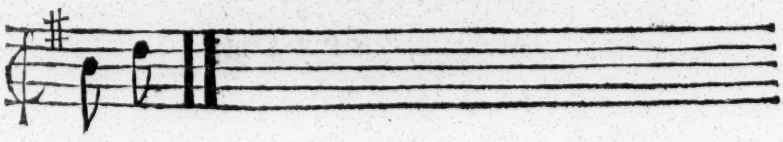
The Col-lier has a Daughter, And, Oh! ſhe's wond'rous

bonny, A Laird he was that ſought her, Baith

rich in Land and Money. The Tutors watch'd the

Motion Of this young honeſt Lover; But

Love-is like the O---cean: Wha can its Depth diſ-

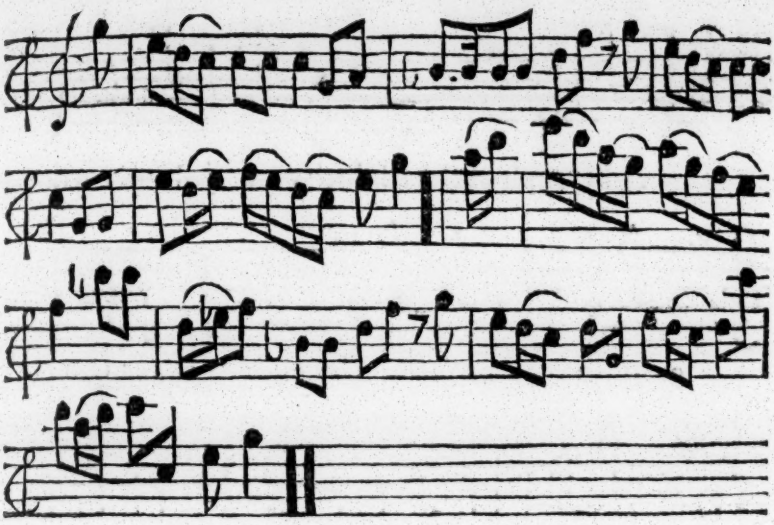


cover!

He had the Art to pleaſe ye,
And was by a' reſpected;
His Airs ſat round him eaſy,
Genteel, but unaffected.
The Collier's bonny Laſſie,
Fair as the new-blown Lillie,
Ay ſweet, and never ſaucy,
Secur'd the Heart of *Willy*.

He lov'd beyond Expreſſion
The Charms that were about her,
And panted for Poſſeſſion,
His Life was dull without her.
After mature Reſolving,
Cloſe to his Breaſt he held her,
In ſafteſt Flames diſſolving,
He tenderly thus tell'd her;

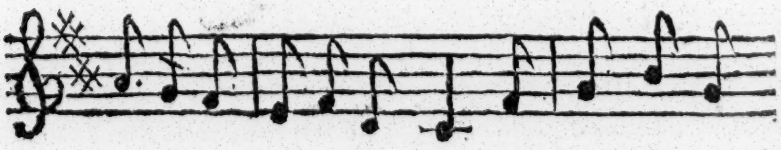
My bonny Collier's Daughter,
Let nathing diſcompoſe ye,
'Tis no your ſcanty Tocher
Shall ever gar me loſe ye:
For I have Gear in Plenty,
And Love ſays, 'tis my Duty
To ware what Heaven has lent me,
Upon your Wit and Beauty.

For the FLUTE.

The JOLLY YOUNG SWAIN.

A Nymph of the Plain, By a jol----ly young

Swain, By a jol---ly young Swain, Was addreſt to be

kind; But relentleſs I find, To his Pray'rs ſhe ap-

pear'd, Tho' him--ſelf he endear'd In a manner ſo

ſoft, ſo en-gaging and ſweet, As ſoon might per-

ſwade her his Paſſion to meet.

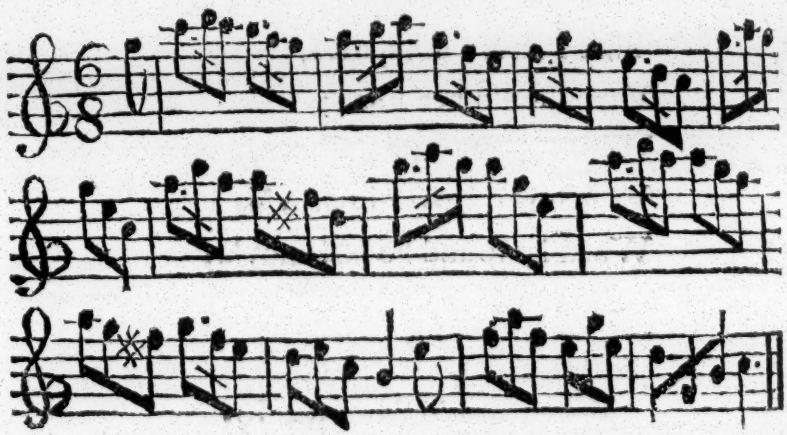
How

How much he ador'd her,
How oft he implor'd her,
How oft he implor'd her,
I cannot expreſs;
But he lov'd to Exceſs;
And he ſwore he ſhould dye,
Unleſs ſhe'd comply;
In a manner, &c.

While Bluſhes, like Roſes,
That Nature compoſes,
That Nature compoſes,
Vermilion'd her Face;
With an Air, and a Grace,
Which her Lover improv'd,
When he found he had mov'd;
In a manner, &c.

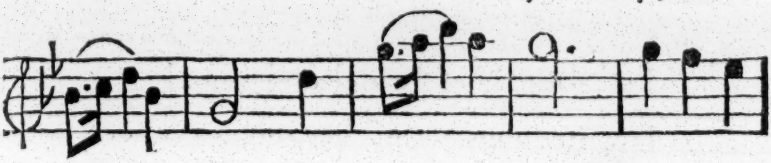
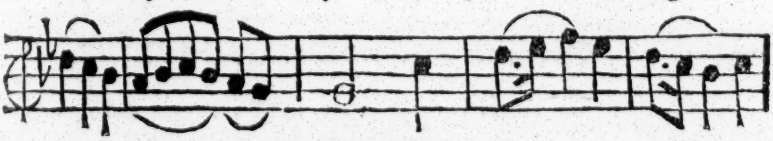
When wak'd from the Joy
Which their Souls did employ,
Which their Souls did employ,
From her ſweet ruby Lips
Thouſand Odours he Sips;
Then amaz'd at her Eyes,
Says, he faints, and he dies;
In a manner, &c.

But how they ſhou'd part,
Now becomes all their Smart,
Now becomes all their Smart:
'Till he vow'd to his Fair,
That to eaſe his own Care,
He wou'd meet her again,
And 'till then be in Pain;
In a manner, &c.

For the FLUTE.

The Words by Mr. *BENJ. GRIFFIN.*

To a MINUET.

As on a Sunſhine Sum--mer's Day, I

to the Green-wood bent my Way; The

lonely Path my Fancy took, Was guided

by a ſil-----ver Brook: And truſt me, truſt me,

all I meant, Was to be pleas'd and Innocent. D.C

Upon it's flow'ry Bank I ſate,
Regardleſs of or Love, or Hate:
So took my Pipe, and 'gan to play
The jolly Shepherd's Roundelay:

And truſt me, truſt me, all I meant,
Was to be pleas'd, and Innocent.

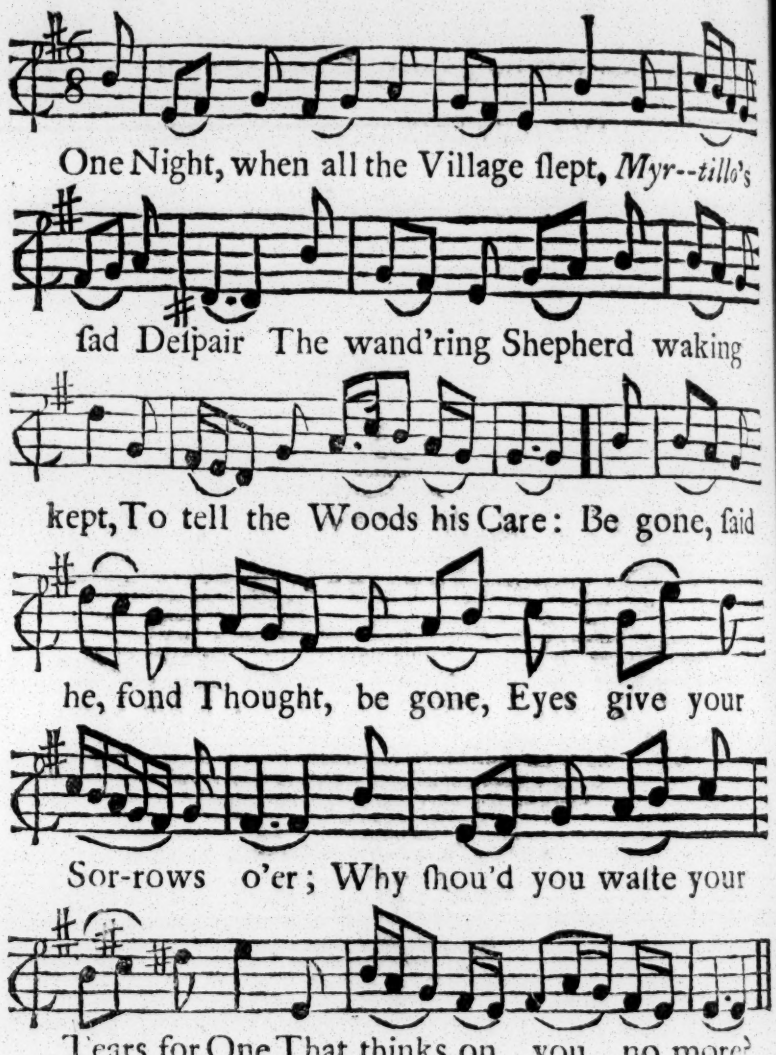
All in the ſelf-ſame ſhady Grove
Youthful *Silvia* chanc'd to rove;
And, by its Echo led, drew near,
My rural Oaten Reed to hear.
But ſurely, ſurely, all ſhe meant,
Was to be pleas'd, and Innocent.

I held her by the glowing Hand,
And ſomething ſhe did underſtand;
Her ſwelling Sighs, her melting Look,
That ſomething too, too, plainly ſpoke:
But truſt me, truſt me, all I meant,
Was to be pleas'd, and Innocent.

When I beheld her ſlender Waſte,
Her Iv'ry Neck, her panting Breaſt,
Her blooming Cheek, her ſparkling Eye,
Gods! was there ought I could deny?
But ſure 'till then, all, all I meant,
Was to be pleas'd and Innocent.

When I her Charms had wander'd o'er,
My Heart was then my own no more;
Into her circling Arms I fell:
What follow'd then, I dare not tell;
We only both were in th' Event
Well pleas'd, if not ſo Innocent.

DESPAIRING *MYRTILLO.*

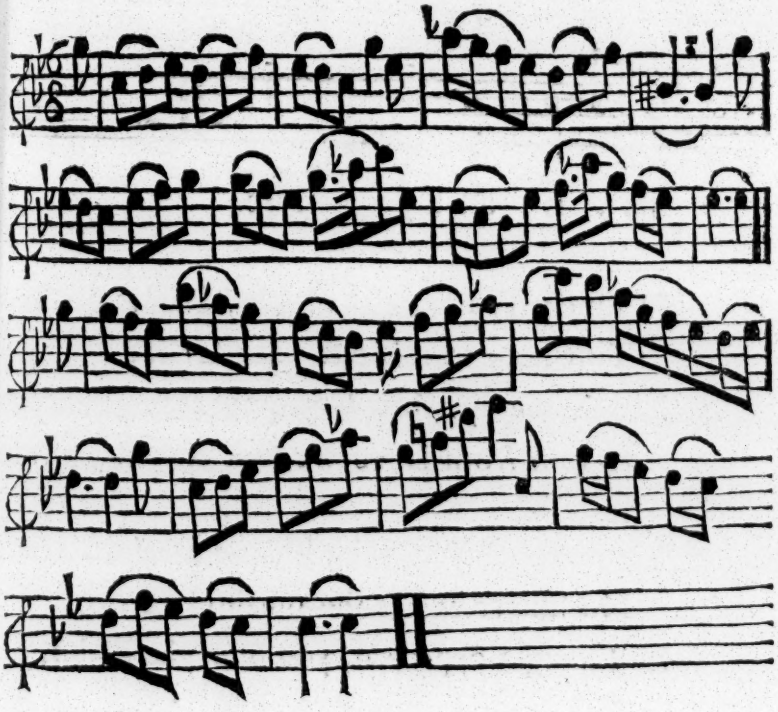
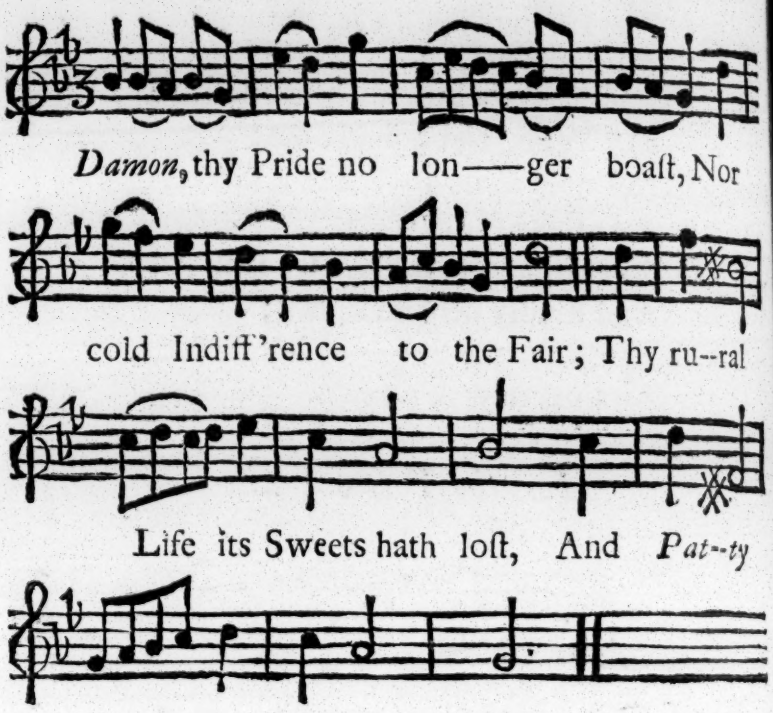


Yet all the Birds, the Flocks, and Powers,
That dwell within this Grove,
Can tell how many tender Hours,
We here have paſs'd in Love:

The

The Stars above (my cruel Foes)
Have heard how ſhe has ſworn
A thouſand times, that like to Thoſe
Her Flame ſhou'd ever burn.

But, ſince ſhe's loſt, oh! let me have
My Wiſh, and quickly die:
In this cold Bank I'll make a Grave,
And there for ever lie:
Sad Nightingales the Watch ſhall keep,
And kindly here complain;
Then down the Shepherd lay to ſleep,
And never wak'd again.

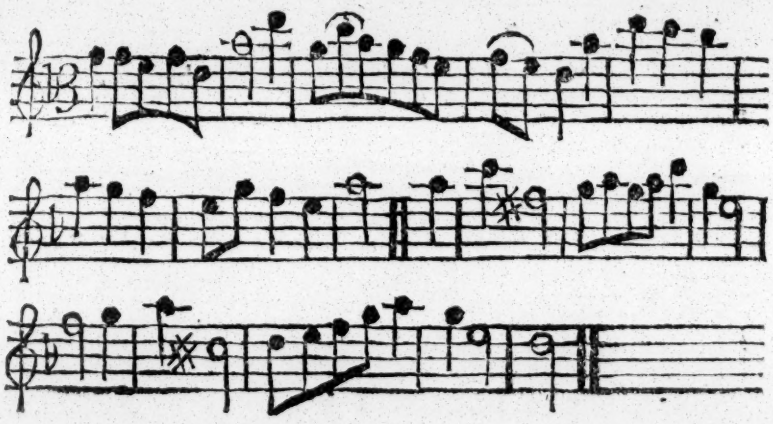
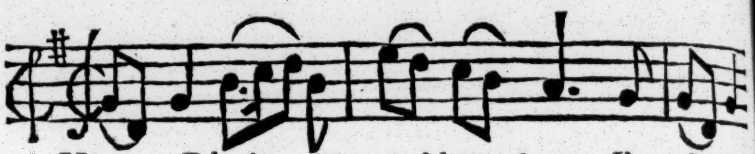
For the FLUTE.

On One who ſcorn'd the Power of LOVE.

In lonely Walks, and gloomy Shades,
You hope to mitigate your Grief;
In vain we fly when Love invades,
In vain from Love we ſeek Relief.

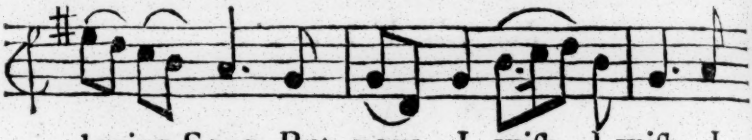
Your tuneful Pipe with jocund Strains,
No longer cheers the mirthful Grove;
In Thought oppreſs'd, you ſhun the Plains,
And nothing now indulge but Love.

Your

Your lowing Herds, and bleating Flocks,
Unguarded, range the diſtant Fields;
The murm'ring Rills, and hollow Rocks,
Some Pity to thy Sorrow yields.

Had Fate ordain'd the beauteous Maid,
In Courts a Birth of high Degree,
Some nobler Conqueſt ſhe had made;
And *Damon*'s Heart had ſtill been free.

For the FLUTE.

CLELIA's *Reflection on her Self for ſlighting* PHILANDER's *Love.*

Young *Phi-lan-der* woo'd me long, But I was

peeviſh, and for---bad him; I wou'd not hear his

loving Song, But now I wiſh, I wiſh, I

had him. Each Morning when I view my

Glaſs, Then I perceive my Beauty going; And

when the Wrinkles ſeize the Face, Then

we may bid a---dieu to Wooing.

My

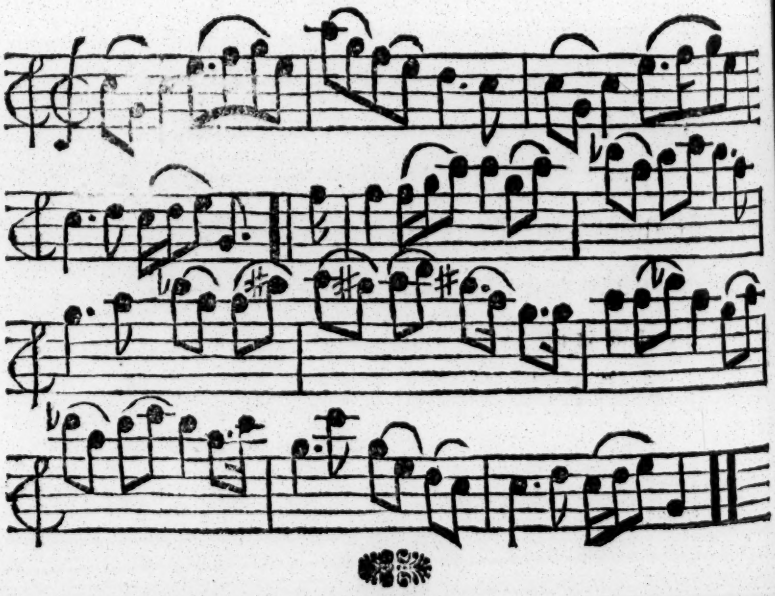
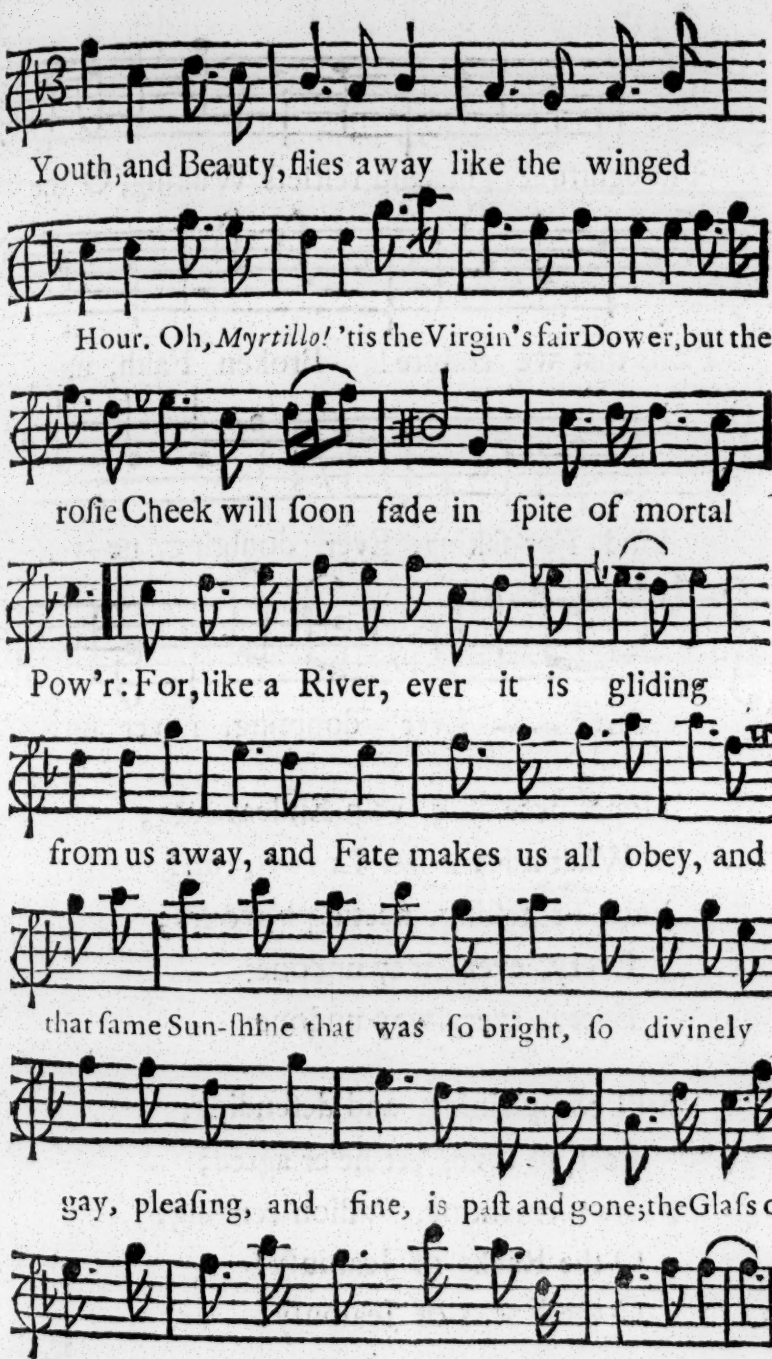
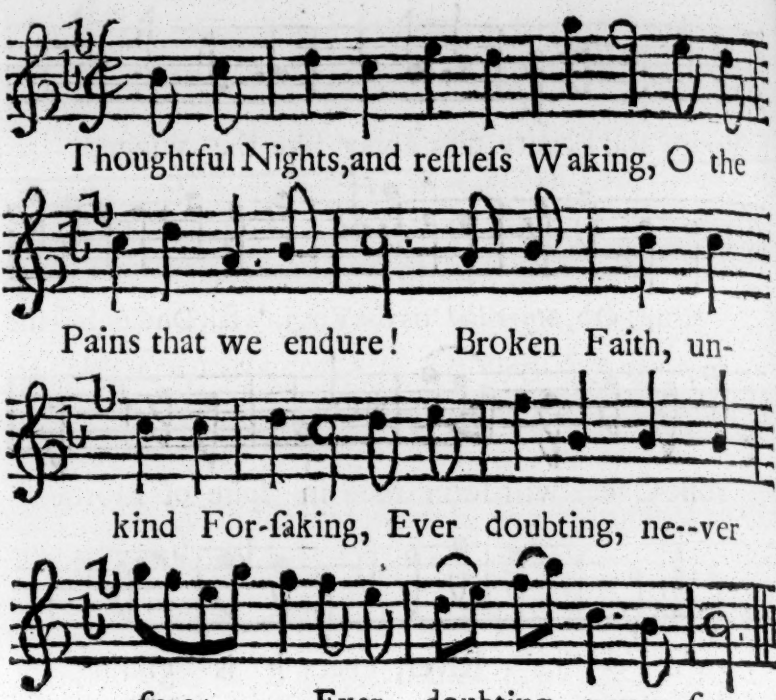
My Beauty, once ſo much admir'd,
I find it fading faſt, and flying;
My Cheeks, which Coral-like appear'd,
Grow pale, the broken Blood decaying:
Ah! we may ſee our ſelves to be
Like Summer-Fruit that is unſhaken;
When ripe, they ſoon fall down and die,
And by Corruption quickly taken.

Uſe then your Time, ye Virgins fair,
Employ your Day before 'tis evil;
Fifteen is a Seaſon rare,
But Five and Twenty is the Devil.
Juſt when ripe, conſent unto't,
Hug no more your lonely Pillow;
For Women are like other Fruit,
They loſe their Reliſh when too mellow.

If Opportunity be loſt,
You'll find it hard to be reclaimed;
Which now I may tell to my Coſt,
Tho' but my ſelf none can be blamed:
If then your Fortune you reſpect,
Take the Occaſion when it offers;
Nor a true Lover's Suit neglect,
Leſt ye be ſcoff'd for being Scoffers.

I, by his fond Expreſſions thought,
That in his Love he'd ne'er prove changing;
But now, alas! 'tis turn'd to nought,
And, paſt my Hopes, he's gone a-ranging.
Dear Maidens, then take my Advice,
And let not Coyneſs prove your Ruin;
For if ye be o'er-fooliſh nice,
Your Suitors will give over wooing.

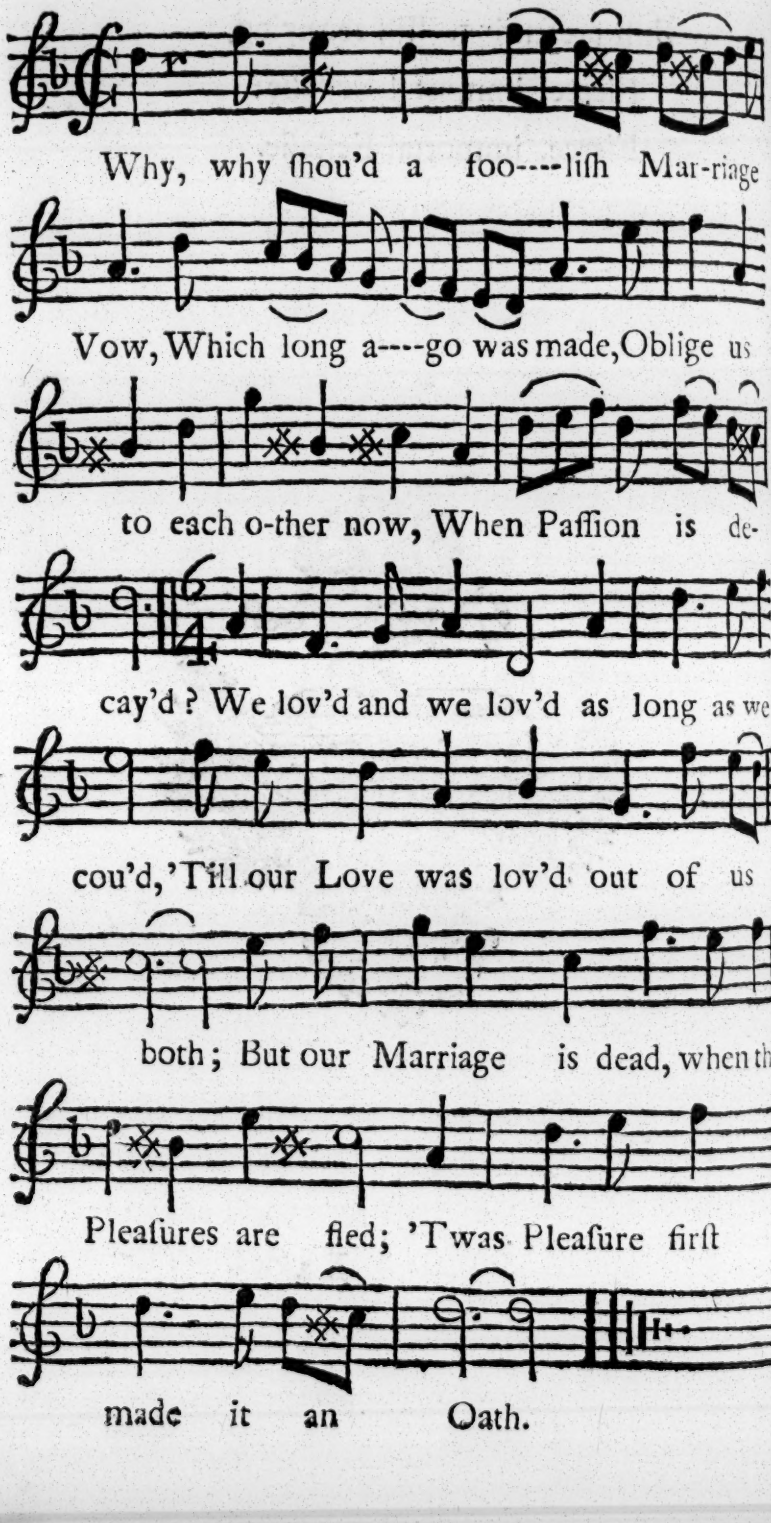
Then *Maidens Old* you nam'd will be,
And in that fretful Rank be number'd,
As long as Life; and when ye die,
With leading Apes be ever cumber'd:
A Puniſhment, and hated Brand,
With which none of us are contented;
Then be not wiſe behind the Hand,
That the Miſtake may be prevented.

For the FLUTE.

FLEETING BEAUTY.

The LOVER's WARFARE.

Hopes deceiving, vain Endeavours;
What a Race has Love to run?
Falſe Proteſting, fleeting Favours;
Every, every way undone:
Every, every way undone.

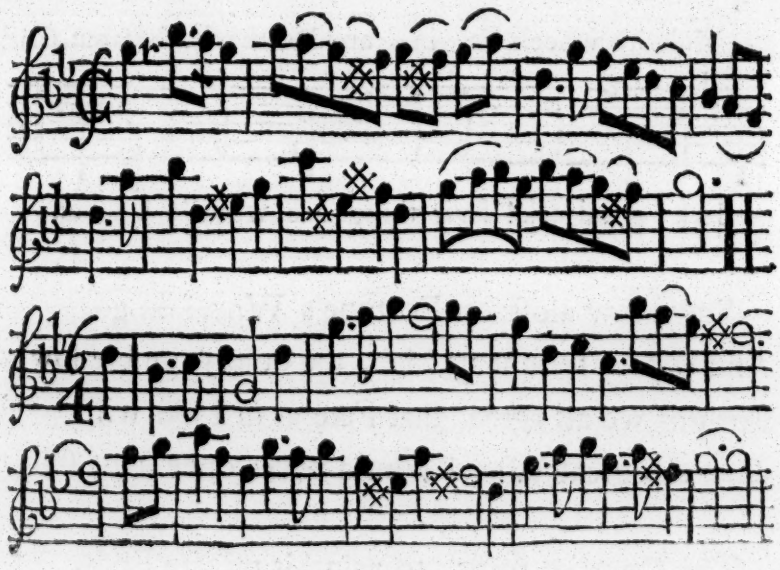
Still complaining, and defending,
Each to love, yet ne'er agree;
Fears tormenting, Paſſion rending;
O the Racks of Jealouſy!
O the Racks of Jealouſy!

From

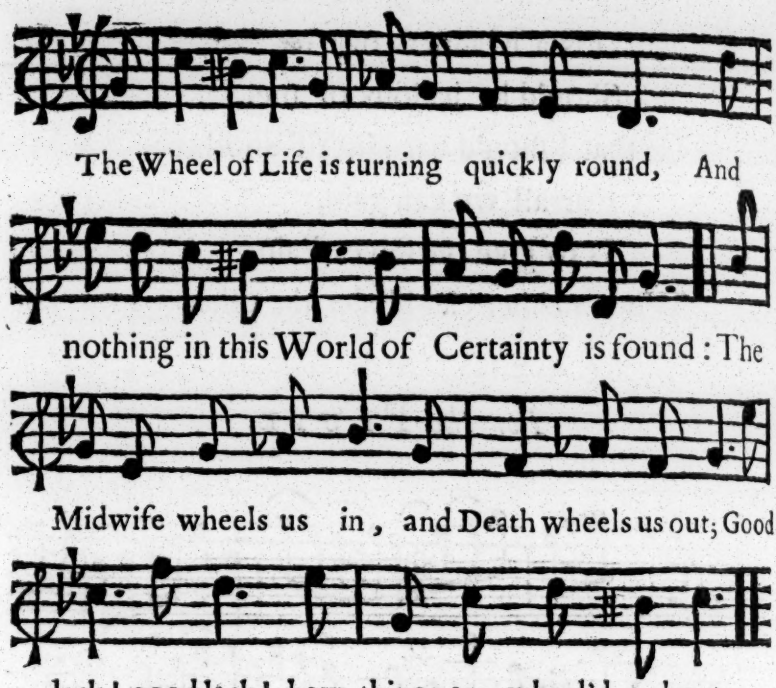
From ſuch painful ways of Living,
Ah! how ſweet, cou'd Love be free;
Still preſenting, ſtill receiving,
Fierce, immortal Ecſtaſie:
Fierce, immortal Ecſtaſie.

SONG, *from Mr.* DRYDEN's MARRIAGE A-LA-MODE.

If

If I have Pleaſures for a Friend,
And farther Love in ſtore,
What Wrong has he, whoſe Joys did end,
And who cou'd give no more?
'Tis a Madneſs that he
Shou'd be jealous of me,
Or that I ſhou'd bar him of another:
For all we can gain,
Is to give ourſelves Pain,
When neither can hinder the other.

For the FLUTE.

The WHEEL *of* LIFE.

Set and Sung by Mr. LEVERIDGE.



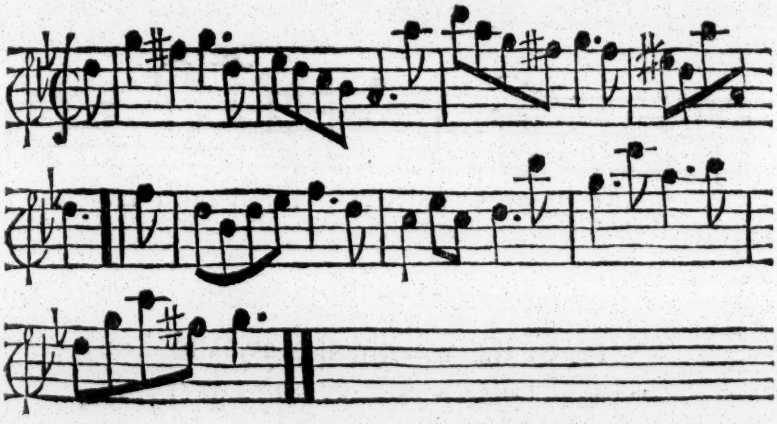
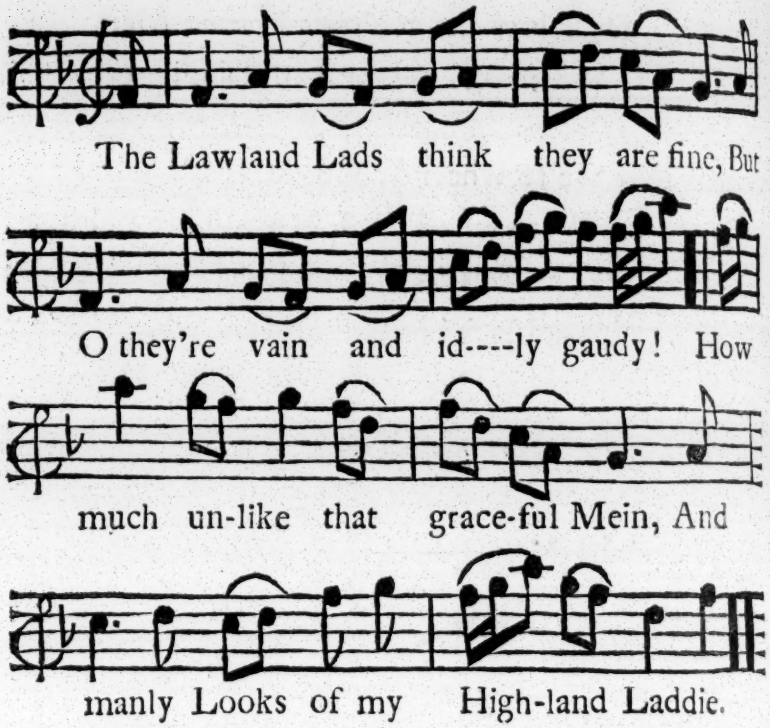
Some few aloft on Fortune's Wheel do go,
And as they mount up high, the others tumble low:
For this we all agree, that Fate at firſt did will
That this great Wheel ſhould never once ſtand ſtill.

The Courtier turns, to gain his private Ends,
'Till he's ſo giddy grown, he quite forgets his Friends;
Proſperity oft-times deceives the Proud and Vain,
And wheels ſo faſt, it turns them out again.

Some

Some turn to This, to That, and ev'ry Way,
And cheat and ſcrape for what can't purchaſe one poor Day:
But this is far below the gen'rous-hearted Man,
Who lives, and makes the moſt of Life he can.

And thus we're wheel'd about in Life's ſhort Farce,
'Till we at laſt are wheel'd off in a rumbling Hearſe:
The Mid-wife wheels us in, and Death wheels us out,
Good lack! good lack! how things are wheel'd about.

For the FLUTE.

The HIGHLAND LADDIE.

If I were free at Will to chuſe
To be the wealthieſt Lawland Lady,
I'd take young *Donald* without Trews,
With Bonnet blue, and belted Plaidy.

The braweſt Beau in Borrows-Town,
In a' his Airs, with Art made ready,
Compar'd to him, he's but a Clown;
He's finer far in's Tartan Plaidy.

O'er

O'er benty Hill with him I'll run,
And leave my Lawland Kin and Dady;
Frae Winter's Cauld, and Summer's Sun,
He'll ſcreen me with his Highland Plaidy.

A painted Room, and ſilken Bed,
May pleaſe a Lawland Laird and Lady;
But I can kiſs, and be as glad,
Behind a Buſh in's Highland Plaidy.

Few Compliments between us paſs,
I ca' him my Dear Highland Laddie,
And he ca's me his Lawland Laſs;
Syne rows me in beneath his Plaidy.

Nae greater Joy I'll e'er pretend,
Than that his Love prove true and ſteady;
Like mine to him, which ne'er ſhall end,
While Heaven preſerve my Highland Laddie.

O my bonny Highland Laddie,
My handſome, charming, Highland Laddie!
May Heaven ſtill guard, and Love reward,
Our Lawland Laſs and her Highland Laddie.

MOLLY MOG;

OR THE

FAIR MAID of the INN.

Set by Mr. GREENE.

Says my Uncle, I pray you diſ--co--ver What

hath been the Cauſe of your Woes, That you

pine, and you whine, like a Lover? I've

ſeen *Molly Mog* of the *Roſe.*

O Nephew! your Grief is but Folly,
In Town you may find better Prog;
Half a Crown there will get you a *Molly*,
A *Molly* much better than *Mog*.

I know that by Wits 'tis recited
That Women at beſt are a Clog;
But I'm not ſo eaſily frighted
From loving of ſweet *Molly Mog*.

The School-boy's Deſire is a Play-day,
The School-maſter's Joy is to flog;
The Milk-maid's Delight is on *May-day*,
But mine is on ſweet *Molly Mog*.

Will-a-wiſp leads the Trav'ler a gadding
Thro' Ditch, and thro' Quagmire and Bog;
But no Light can ſet me a madding,
Like the Eyes of my ſweet *Molly Mog*.

For Guineas in other Men's Breeches
Your Gameſters will palm and will cog;
But I envy them none of their Riches,
So I may win ſweet *Molly Mog*.

The Heart, when half-wounded, is changing,
It here and there leaps like a Frog;
But my Heart can never be ranging,
'Tis ſo fixt upon ſweet *Molly Mog*.

Who follows all Ladies of Pleaſure,
In Pleaſure is thought but a Hog;
All the Sex cannot give ſo good Meaſure
Of Joys, as my ſweet *Molly Mog*.

I feel I'm in Love to Diſtraction,
My Senſes all loſt in a Fog;
Now there's Nothing can give Satisfaction
But thinking of ſweet *Molly Mog*.

A Letter when I am inditing,
Comes *Cupid* and gives me a Jog;
And I fill all the Paper with writing
Of Nothing, but ſweet *Molly Mog*.

If I would not give up the three *Graces*,
I wiſh I were hang'd like a Dog;
And at Court all the Drawing-room Faces,
For a Glance of my ſweet *Molly Mog*.

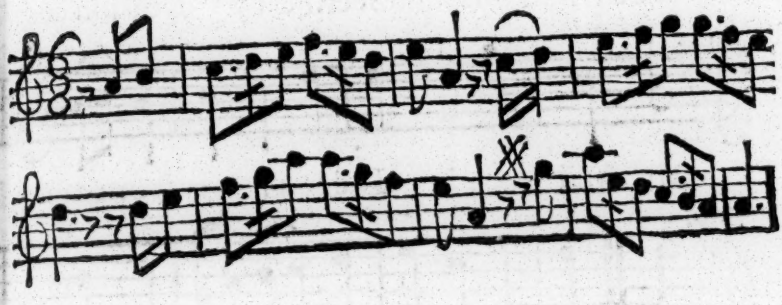
Thoſe Faces want Nature and Spirit,
And ſeem as cut out of a Log;
Juno, *Venus*, and *Pallas*'s Merit
Unite in my ſweet *Molly Mog*.

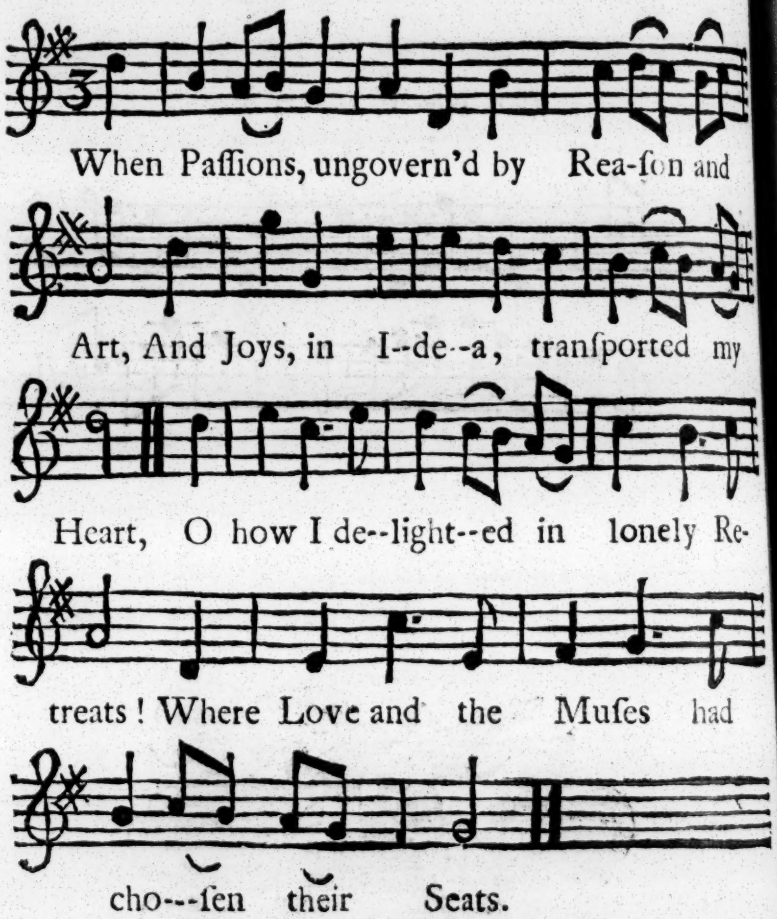
Thoſe who toaſt all the Family Royal,
In Bumpers of *Hogan* and *Nog*,
Have Hearts not more true or more loyal
Than mine to my ſweet *Molly Mog*.

Were *Virgil* alive with his *Phillis*,
And writing another Ec-logue;
Both his *Phillis* and fair *Amaryllis*
He'd give up for my ſweet *Molly Mog*.

When

When ſhe ſmiles on each Gueſt, like her Liquor,
Then Jealouſie ſets me agog.
To be ſure ſhe's a Bit for the Vicar,
And ſo I ſhall loſe *Molly Mog*.

For the FLUTE.

The CURE *of* FOLLY.

Set by Mr. *N. HAYM.*

There oft was I wont the long Day to conſume,
In wiſhing, and promiſing Pleaſures to come:
But Wiſhes and Promiſes then were in vain;
For Youth was to me the ſad Seaſon of Pain.

Afflicted with Sorrows of various Sort,
I hated Diverſions, and irkſome grew Sport;
The only poor Solace my Life cou'd poſſeſs,
Was Imaginations and Dreams of Succeſs.

Sometimes to alleviate the Weight of my Woe,
I ſipp'd of the Streams that from *Helicon* flow:
But Muſick and Poetry ſoften'd my Heart,
Cou'd never content, and but ſeldom divert.

O'erwhelm'd with Diſtreſſes, and nigh to Deſpair,
I, reſolute, travell'd to breathe a new Air;
In ſearch of Relief to my turbulent Mind,
Left Kindred, and Country, and Buſineſs behind.

But, ah! cou'd a Stranger, unfriended and poor,
Expect what he ſought for wou'd come in an Hour?
Improv'd was my Anguiſh, redoubled my Pain,
And trav'lling, like all other Comforts, prov'd vain.

Yet patient and wiſer I grew by degrees,
And learnt due Submiſſion t' eternal Decrees.
My Paſſions ſubjected to Reaſon's controul,
I found Satisfaction break in on my Soul.

And, firſt, to my Wiſh, did I meet with a Friend,
Who knew the World well, and right Counſel cou'd lend;
Brave, gen'rous and witty, good-humour'd and free,
Juſt, prudent, polite, and obliging to me.

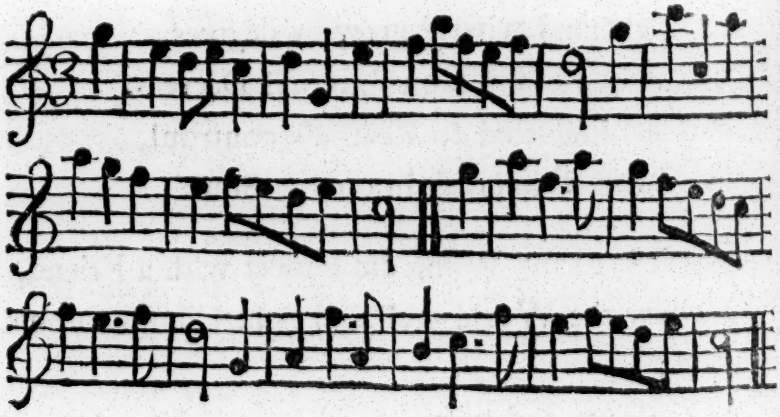
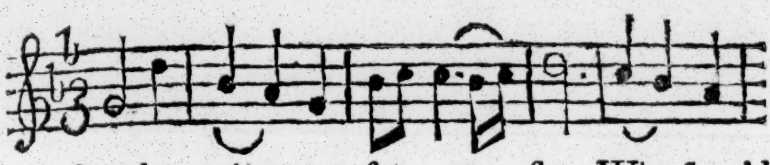
In

In his Converſation, I ſenſibly found
My Suff'rings with Portion of Happineſs crown'd.
Oh! thought I, now nothing remains to compleat
My Bliſs, but a Nymph, ſoft, gay, and diſcreet.

I found one with Beauty, Good-humour and Wit,
Whoſe Manners and Conduct my Fancy did fit;
The leaſt of her Sex by Folly miſ-led,
The kindeſt Companion, and true to my Bed.

What more, that I wiſh'd-for, remains unbeſtow'd,
But Fame, and a Fortune above the dull Crowd?
They are granted, and nothing is now to be done,
But to make a right Uſe of the Happineſs won.

Then far from the Town, and the Court I'll repair,
Accompany'd with my dear Friend and my Fair;
My laſt Scene of Life in ſweet Solitude lay,
Prepare for next World, and ſteal gently away.

For the FLUTE.

SONG, *to* DENOYÉ's *Minuet*.

Strephon, when you ſee me fly, Why ſhou'd

that your Fear create? Maids may be as

of---ten ſhy Out of Love, as out of Hate:

When from you I fly away, 'Tis be-

cauſe I fear to ſtay.

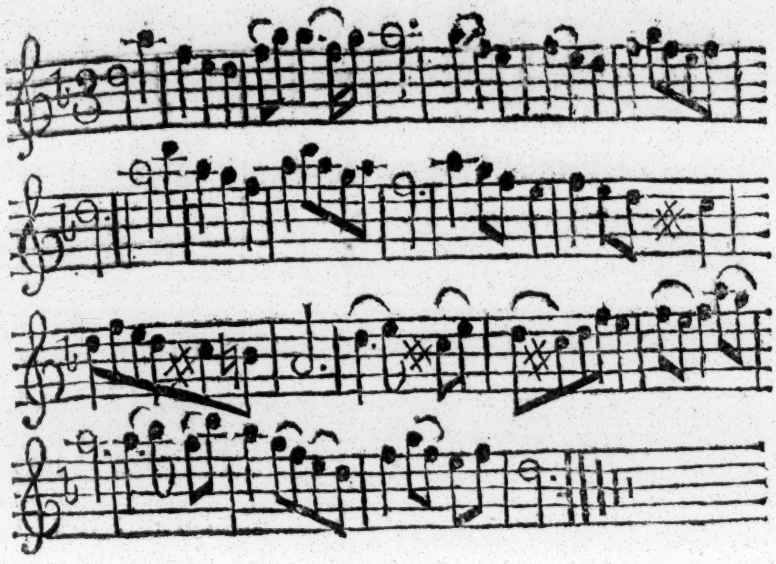
Did I out of Hatred run,
Leſs wou'd be my Pain and Care;
But, the Youth I love, to ſhun!
Who cou'd ſuch a Tryal bear?

Who, that ſuch a Swain did ſee,
Who cou'd love, and fly, like me?

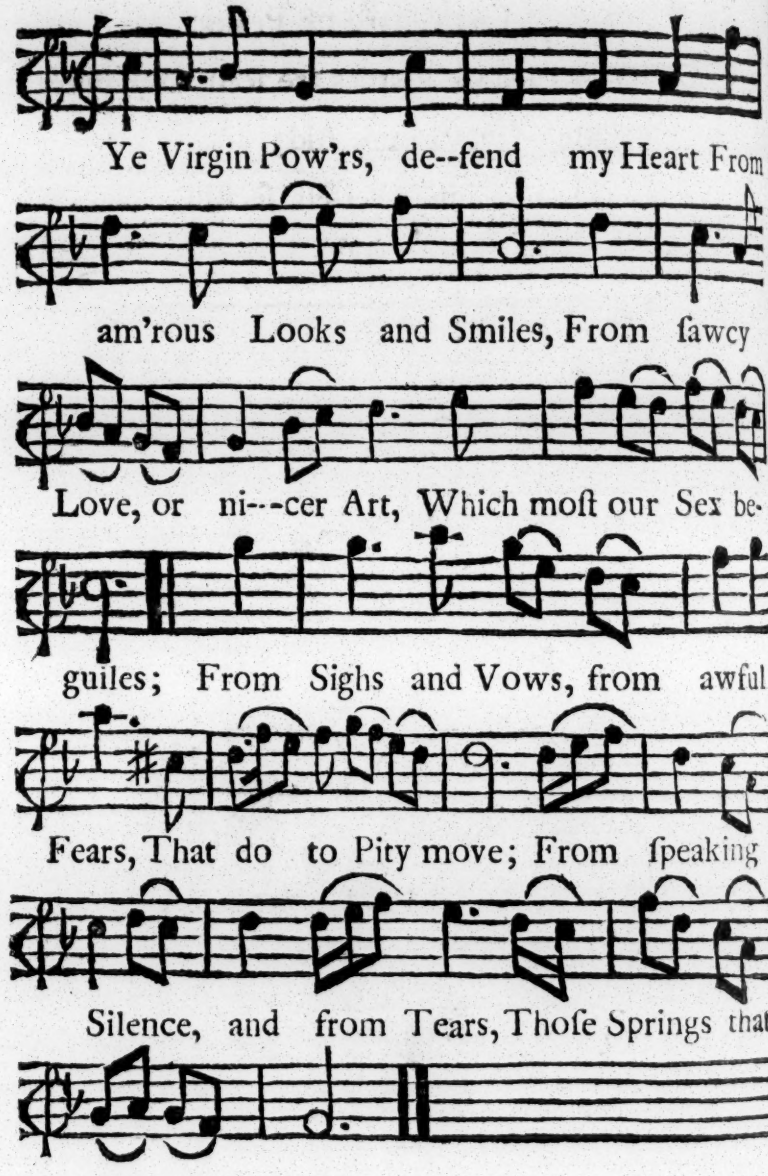
Cruel Duty bids me go;
Gentle Love commands my Stay:
Duty's ſtill to Love a Foe;
Shall I This, or That, obey?
Duty frowns, and *Cupid* ſmiles;
That defends, and This beguiles.

Ever, by this cryſtal Stream
I cou'd ſit, and ſee thee ſigh;
Raviſh'd with this pleaſing Dream,
Oh! 'tis worſe than Death to fly!
But, the Danger is ſo great,
Fear gives Wings inſtead of Feet.

If you love me, *Strephon*, leave me;
If you ſtay, I am undone:
Oh, you may with Eaſe deceive me;
Pr'ythee, charming Boy, be gone:
The Gods decree that we muſt part;
They have my Vow, but you my Heart.

For the FLUTE.

The INVOCATION.

Written by a Lady.



But

But if through Paſſion I grow blind,
Let Honour be my Guide;
And when frail Nature ſeems inclin'd,
There place a Guard of Pride.
An Heart whoſe Flames are ſeen, tho' pure,
Needs ev'ry Virtue's Aid;
And ſhe who thinks herſelf ſecure,
The ſooneſt is betray'd.

The MORNING-BREAK.

The Words by Mr. A. BRADLEY.

Awake, ye drow--ſy Swains, awake, Behold the

beauteous Morning-break; *Au-ro-ra*'s Man-tle

grey appears, And Harmony ſalutes the Ears.

The Lark has ſoar'd a wond'rous Height,
And, warbling, wings her airy Flight;
The Birds, ſoft-brooding o'er their Neſts,
Inſtruct their Young from tuneful Breaſts.

A thouſand Beauties fill the Plains;
Each Twig affords melodious Strains;
Thro' ev'ry Eaſtern Tree, and Buſh,
The Virgin-Day appears to bluſh.

Already

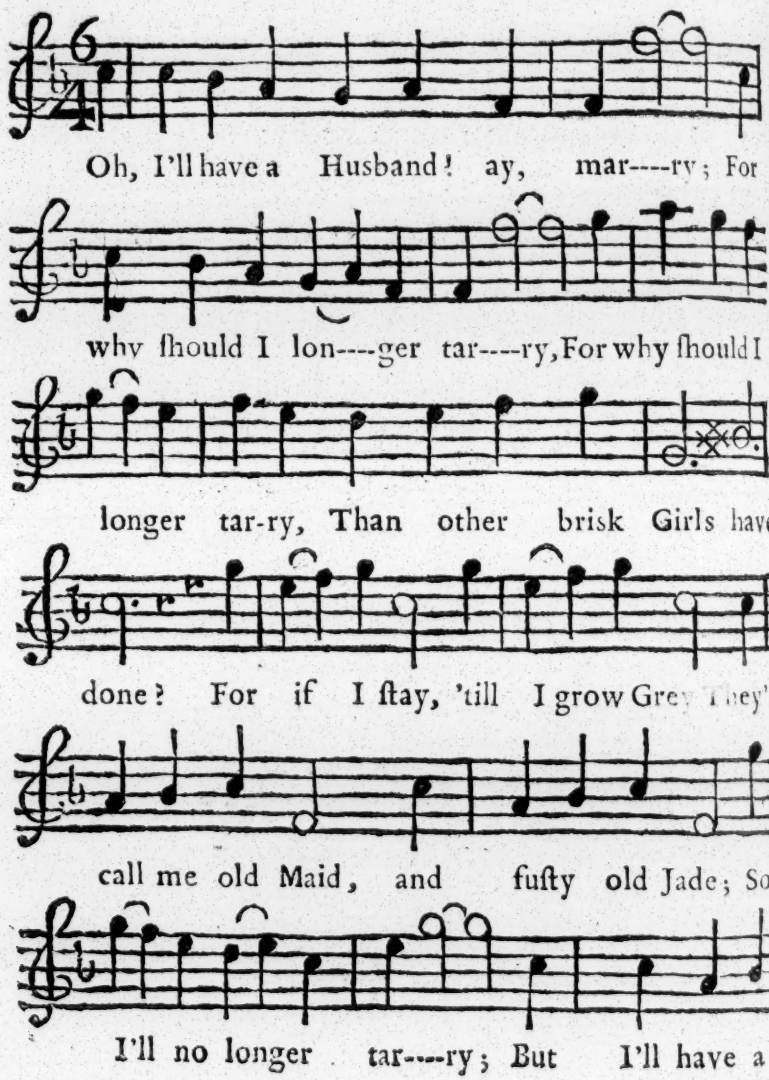
Already *Damon* with his Crook
Attends his Flock at yonder Brook;
The charming *Chloe*'s by his Side,
Of all the Nymphs the Shepherd's Pride.

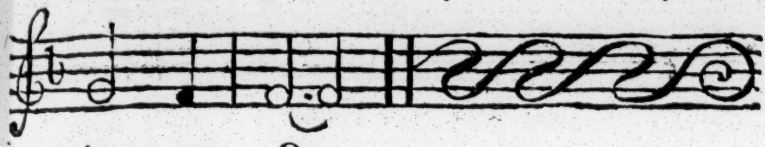
Unhappy Sluggards in their Beds,
With parched Throats, and akeing Heads,
Have ſhut out Day, and all its Bliſs,
To revel in a Strumpet's Kiſs:

While Rural Swains enjoy the Morn,
And laugh at ev'ry Courtier's Scorn,
Nor envy their voluptuous Way;
But, while they ſleep, enjoy the Day.

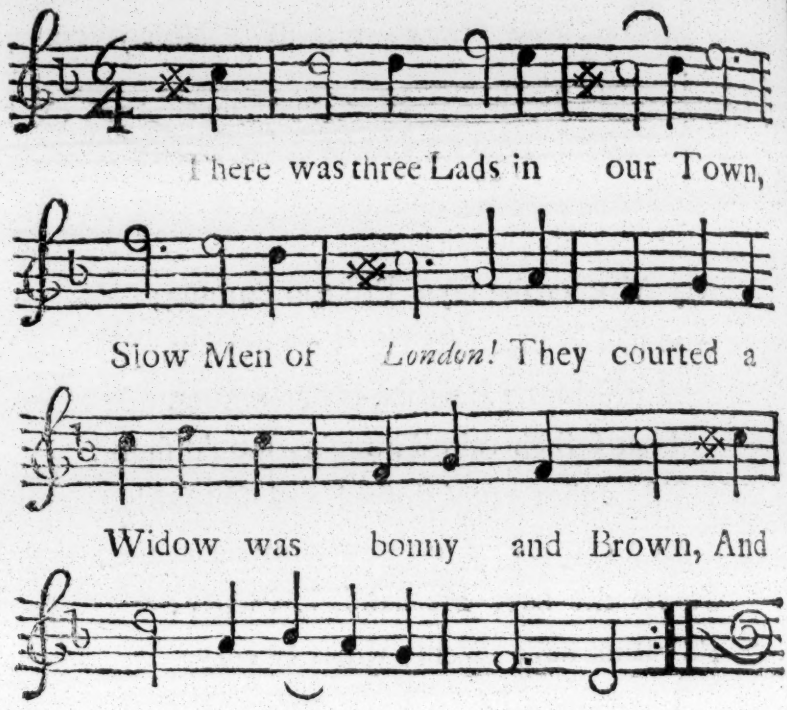
The ROMP's SONG.

Sung by Mrs. CIBBER *in the* PROVOK'D HUSBAND.

The Words and Muſick by Mr. CAREY.

Hus-



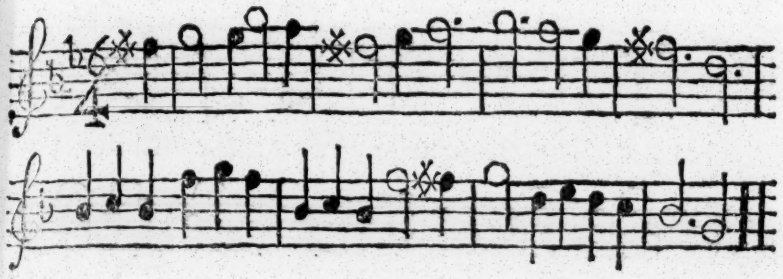
My Mother ſhe ſays, I'm too coming;
And ſtill in my Ears ſhe is drumming,
And ſtill in my Ears ſhe is drumming,
That I ſuch vain Thoughts ſhou'd ſhun:
My Siſters they cry, Oh fye! and Oh fye!
But yet I can ſee, They're as coming as me;
So let me have Husbands in Plenty:
I'd rather have twenty times twenty,
Than dye an Old Maid undone.

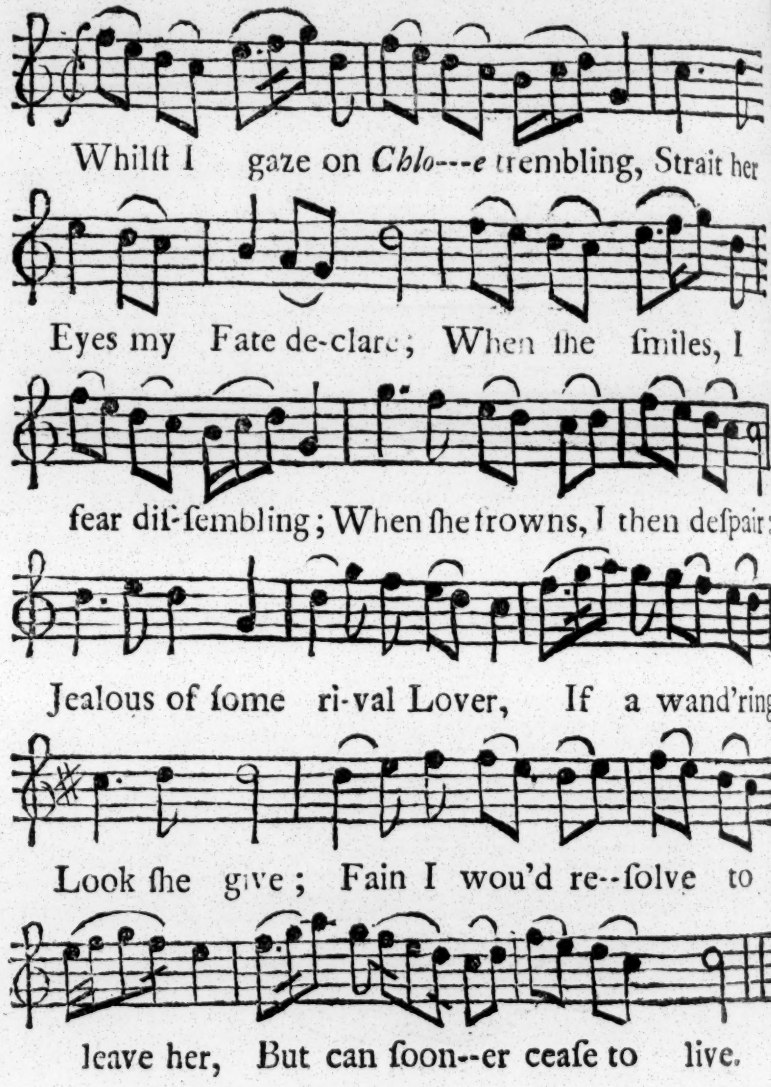
Sung in the Play call'd WIT without MONEY.

They went to work without their Tools;
Slow Men of *London!*
The Widow ſhe ſent them away like Fools,
Becauſe they left her undone.

They often taſted this Widow's Chear;
Slow Men of *London!*
But yet the Widow was never the near,
For ſtill they left her undone.

Blow

Blow, ye Winds; and come down, Rain;
Slow Men of *London!*
They never ſhall wooe this Widow again,
Becauſe they left her undone.

For the FLUTE.

The LUKEWARM LOVER.

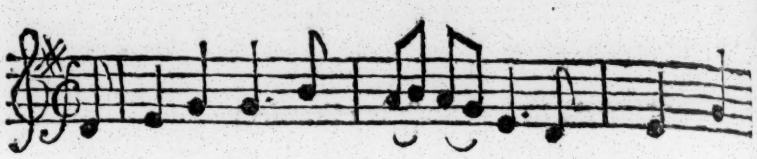
Set by Mr. *RAMONDON.*

Why ſhou'd I conceal my Paſſion,
Or the Torments I endure?
I'll diſcloſe my Inclination;
Awful Diſtance yields no Cure:

Sure

Sure it is not in her Nature
To be cruel to her Slave;
She is too divine a Creature
To deſtroy, what ſhe can ſave.

Happy's he, whoſe Inclination
Warms but with a gentle Heat,
Never flies up to a Paſſion;
Love's a Torment, if too great:
When the Storm is once blown over,
Soon the Ocean quiet grows;
But a conſtant Faithful Lover
Seldom meets with true Repoſe.

PEGGY, *I muſt love thee.*



As from a Rock paſt all Relief, The Ship wrack't

Co---lin ſpying His native Soil, o'ercome with

Grief, Half ſunk in Waves and dying; With

the next Morning --- Sun he ſpies A Ship which

gives unhop'd Surprize, New Life ſprings

up, he lifts his Eyes With Joy, and waits her Motion.

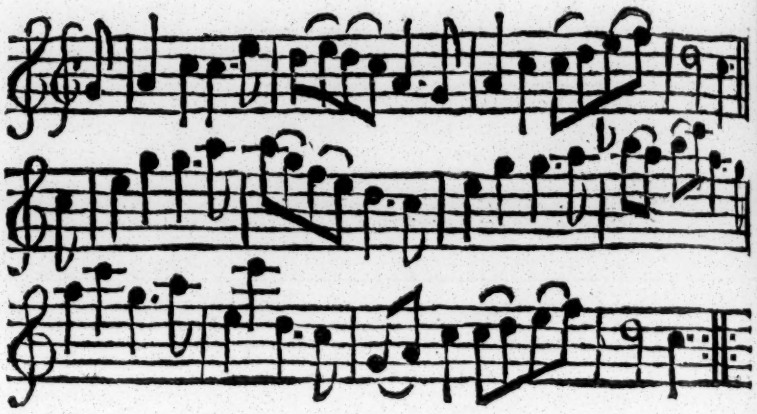
So when by her, whom long I lov'd,
I ſcorn'd was, and deſerted,
Low with Deſpair my Spirits mov'd,
To be for ever parted:
Thus droopt I, 'till diviner Grace
I found in *Peggy*'s Mind and Face,
Ingratitude appear'd then baſe,
But Virtue more engaging.

Then now ſince happily I've hit,
I'll have no more delaying,
Let Beauty yield to Manly Wit,
We loſe our ſelves in ſtaying;
I'll haſte dull Courtſhip to a Cloſe,
Since Marriage can my Fears oppoſe,
Why ſhou'd we happy Minutes loſe,
Since, *Peggy*, I muſt love thee?

Men may be fooliſh, if they pleaſe,
And deem't a Lover's Duty
To ſigh, and ſacrifice their Eaſe,
Doating on a proud Beauty:

Such

Such was my Caſe for many a Year,
Still Hope ſucceeding to my Fear;
Falſe *Betty*'s Charms now diſappear,
Since *Peggy*'s far outſhine them.

For the FLUTE.

The PROTESTATION.

Ann thou wert my ain — Thing, I wou'd

love thee, I wou'd love thee; Ann thou wert my

ain --- Thing, So dearly I wou'd love thee. I wou'd

claſp thee in my Arms, I'd ſecure thee

from all Harms, A---bove all Mor--tals

thou haſt Charms, So dear--ly I do love thee.

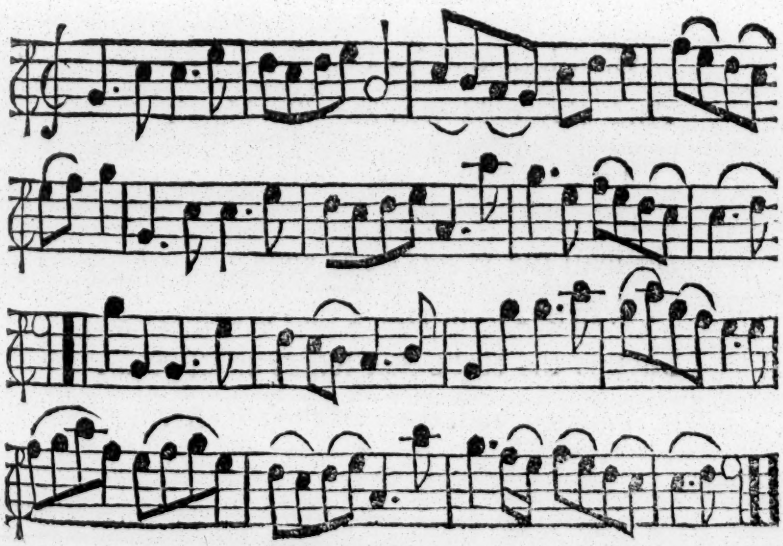
Of Race divine thou needs muſt be,
Since nothing Earthly equals thee;
For Heaven's Sake, Oh! favour me,
Who only lives to love thee.
The Gods one Thing peculiar have,
To ruine none whom they can ſave;
O! for their Sake ſupport a Slave,
Who only lives to love thee.

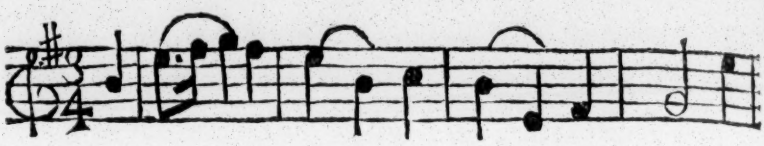
To Merit I no Claim can make,
But that I love, and for thy Sake,
What Man can name, I'll undertake;
So dearly do I love thee.
My Paſſion, conſtant as the Sun,
Flames ſtronger ſtill, will ne'er have done,
'Till Fates my Thread of Life have ſpun,
Which breathing out, I'll love thee.

Like Bees that ſuck the Morning Dew,
Frae Flowers of ſweeteſt Scent and Hew,
Sae wad I dwell upo' thy Mou,
And gar the Gods envy me.
Sae lang's I had the Uſe of Light,
I'd on thy Beauties feaſt my Sight,
Syne in ſaft Whiſpers through the Night,
I'd tell how much I loo'd thee.

How fair and ruddy is my *Jean*,
She moves a Goddeſs o'er the Green:
Were I a King, thou ſhou'd'ſt be Queen,
Nane but my ſell aboon thee.
I'd graſp thee to this Breaſt of mine,
Whilſt thou, like Ivy or the Vine,
Around my ſtronger Limbs ſhou'd'ſt twine,
Form'd hardy to defend thee.

Time's on the Wing, and will not ſtay,
In ſhining Youth let's make our Hay,
Since Love admits of nae Delay,
O let nae Scorn undo thee.
While Love does at his Altar ſtand,
Hae there's my Heart, gi'e me thy Hand,
And, with ilk Smile, thou ſhalt command
The Will of him wha loves thee.

For the FLUTE.

WILLIAM *and* MARGARET.



'Twas at the ſi---lent midnight Hour, When

all were faſt a--ſleep; In glided *Marg'ret's*

grimly Ghoſt, And ſtood at *William's* Feet

Her Face was like an *April* Morn,
Clad in a wint'ry Cloud;
And clay-cold was her lilly Hand,
That held her ſable Shrowd.

So ſhall the faireſt Face appear,
When Youth and Years are flown;
Such is the Robe that Kings muſt wear,
When Death has reft their Crown.

Her

Her Bloom was like the ſpringing Flower,
That ſips the ſilver Dew;
The Roſe was budded in her Cheek,
Juſt op'ning to the View.

But *Love* had, like the Canker-worm,
Conſum'd her early Prime:
The Roſe grew pale, and left her Cheek;
She dy'd before her Time.

Awake, *She* cry'd, thy *True-Love* calls,
Come from her midnight Grave;
Now let thy *Pity* hear the Maid,
Thy *Love* refus'd to ſave.

This is the dumb and dreary Hour,
When injur'd Ghoſts complain;
Now yawning Graves give up their Dead,
To haunt the faithleſs *Man*.

Bethink thee, *William*, of thy Fault,
Thy Pledge, and broken Oath;
And give me back my Maiden Vow,
And give me back my Troth.

Why did you promiſe Love to me,
And not that Promiſe keep?
Why did you ſwear my Eyes were bright,
Yet leave thoſe Eyes to weep?

How could you ſay my Face was fair,
And yet that Face forſake?
How could you win my Virgin Heart,
Yet leave that Heart to break?

Why did you ſay my Lip was ſweet,
And made the Scarlet pale?
And why did I, young witleſs Maid!
Believe the flatt'ring Tale?

That Face, alas! no more is fair;
Theſe Lips no longer red;
Dark are my Eyes, now clos'd in Death,
And ev'ry Charm is fled.

The hungry *Worm* my *Siſter* is;
This *Winding-Sheet* I wear;
And cold and weary laſts our *Night*,
'Till that *laſt Morn* appear.

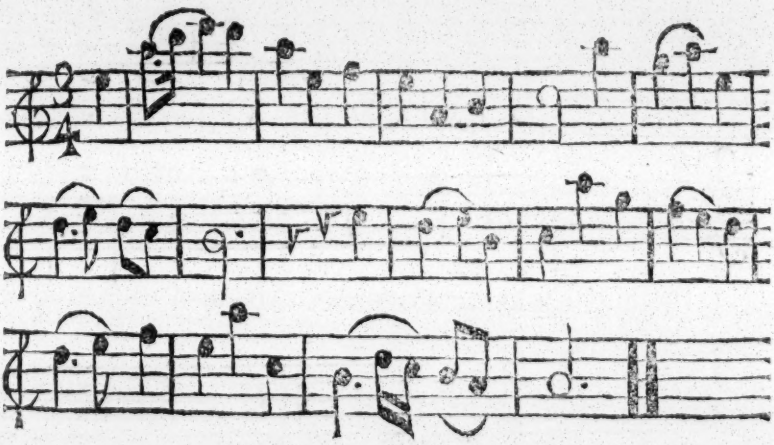
But hark! the *Cock* has warn'd me hence:
A long and laſt Adieu!
Come ſee, falſe *Man*, how low *She* lies,
That dy'd for Love of you.

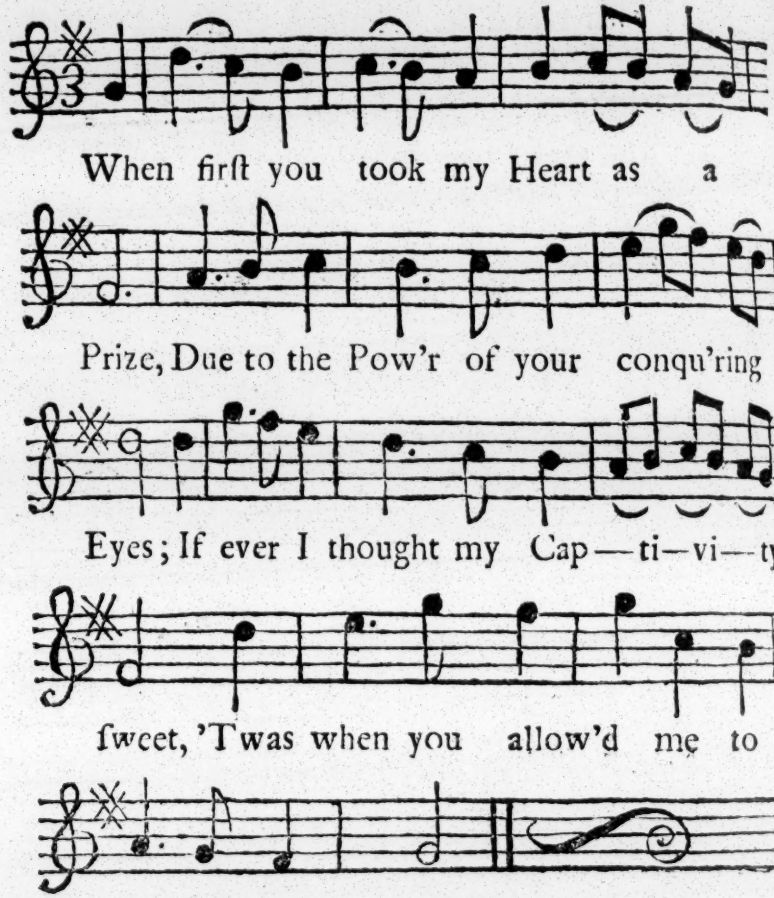
The Lark ſung loud; the Morning ſmil'd,
And rais'd her gliſt'ring Head:
Pale *William* quak'd in ev'ry Limb,
And raving left his Bed.

He

He hy'd him to the fatal Place
Where *Marg'ret*'s Body lay;
And ſtretch'd him on the green graſs Turf,
That wrapt her breathleſs Clay.

And thrice he call'd on *Marg'ret*'s Name,
And thrice he wept full ſore;
Then laid his Cheek to the cold Grave,
And Word ſpake never more.

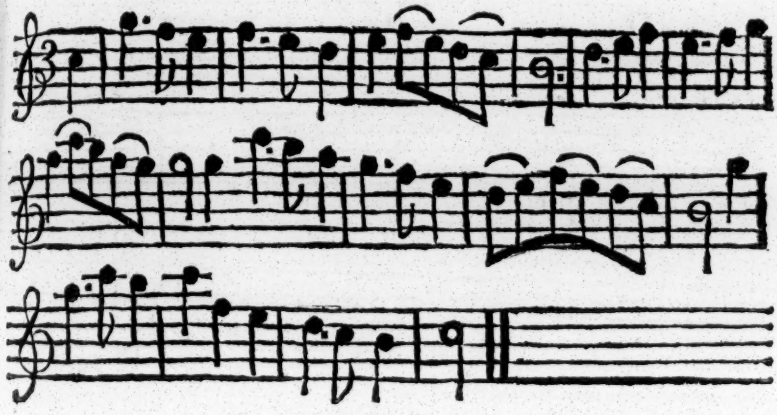
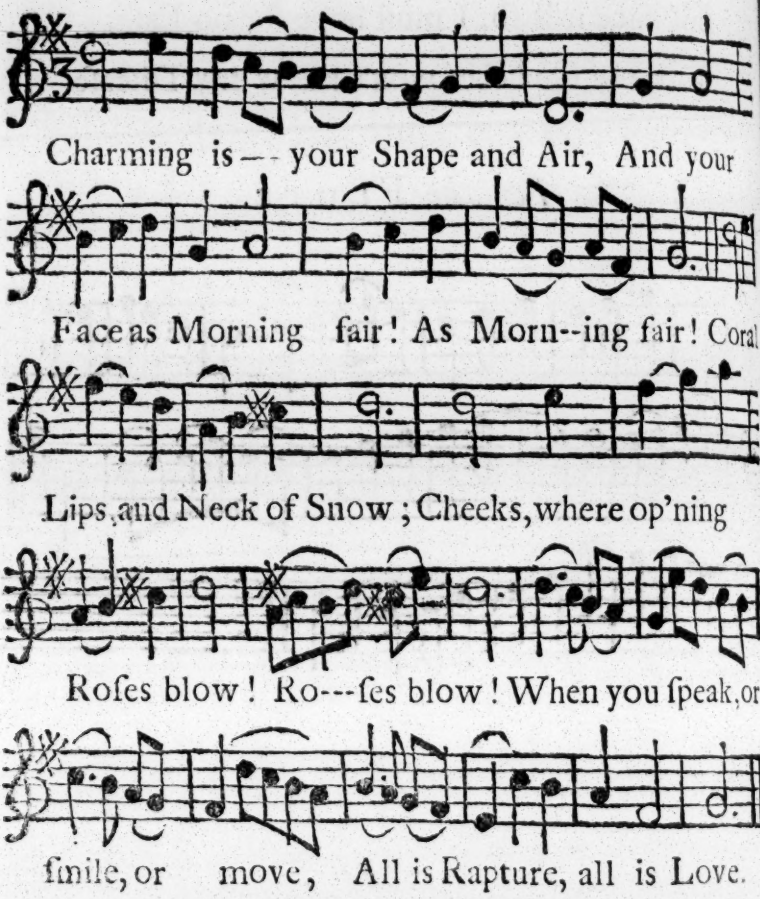
For the FLUTE.

The COMPLAINT.



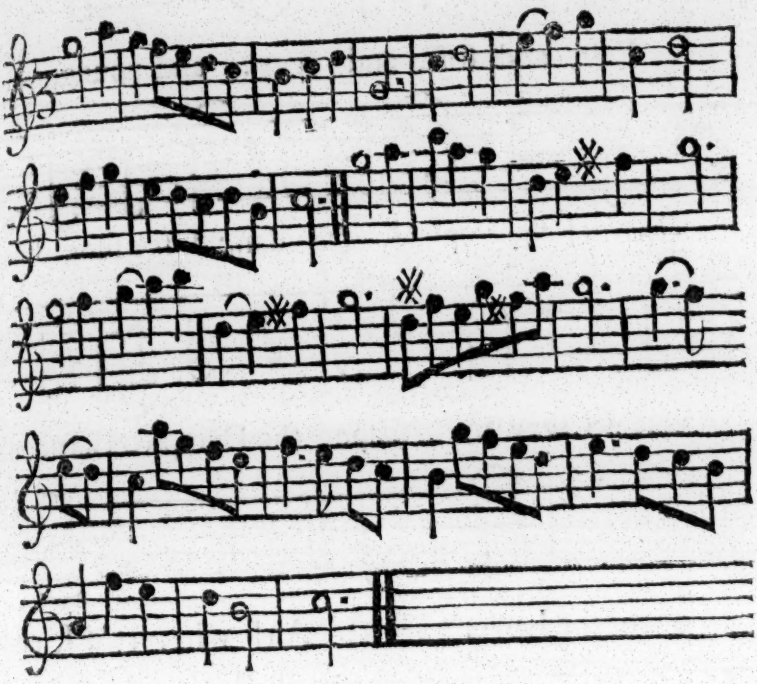
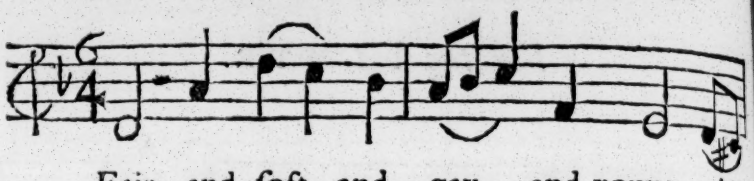
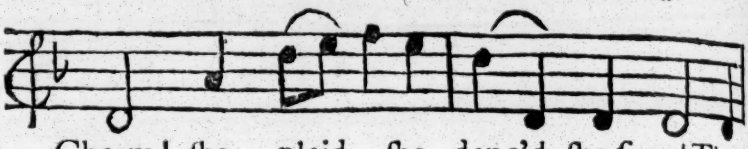
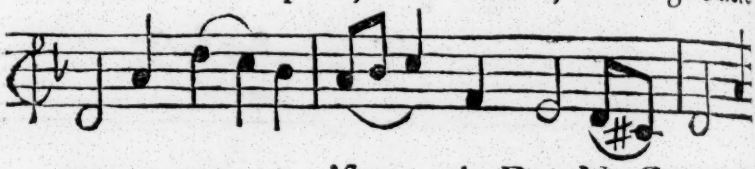
But now ſo ungrateful you are grown
All my kind Services you diſown:
And when that I ask you to lengthen my Chain,
You always anſwer me, Love has no Pain.

Oh,

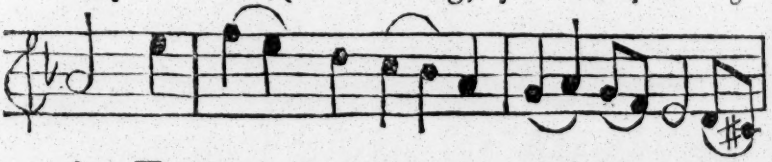
Oh, did you know but the Pain I endure,
Sure you would never deny me the Cure;
But ſince it is ſo, I muſt hope for no Eaſe,
Since my Phyſician won't know my Diſeaſe.

For the FLUTE.

The REPROOF.

But thoſe Eyes, alas, I hate!
Eyes, that heedleſs of my Fate,
Shine with undiſcerning Rays;
On the Fopling idly gaze;
Watch the Glances of the Vain;
Meeting mine with cold Diſdain.

For

For the FLUTE.

The INCONSTANT.

Fair, and ſoft, and gay, and young, All

Charm! ſhe plaid, ſhe danc'd, ſhe ſung! There

was no way to 'ſcape the Dart, No Care cou'd

guard the Lover's Heart. Ah! why, cry'd I, and

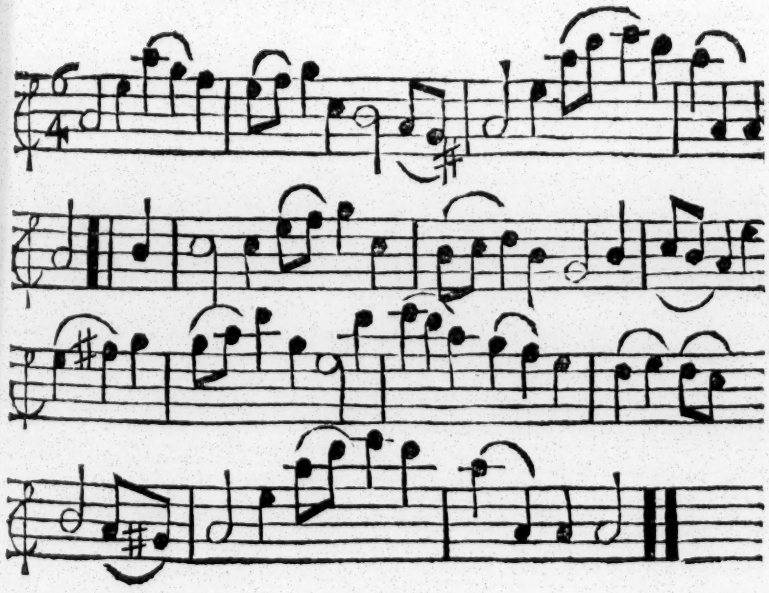
dropt a Tear, (A--dor--ing, yet de--ſpair--ing

e'er To have her to my ſelf a-lone) Was

ſo much Sweetneſs made for One?

But

But growing bolder, in her Ear
I in ſoft Numbers told my Care:
She heard, and rais'd me from her Feet,
And ſeem'd to glow with equal Heat.
Like Heav'n's, too mighty to expreſs,
My Joys could be but known by gueſs!
Ah, Fool, ſaid I, what have I done,
To wiſh her made for more than One?

But long I had not been in view,
Before her Eyes their Beams withdrew;
Ere I had reckon'd half her Charms,
She ſunk into another's Arms.
But ſhe that once cou'd faithleſs be,
Will favour him no more than me:
He too, will find himſelf undone,
And that ſhe was not made for One.

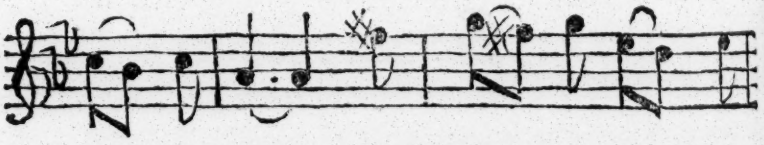
For the FLUTE.

The FAITHFUL MAID.

Set by Mr. *HANDEL.*

'Twas when the Seas were roaring, With

hollow Blaſts of Wind, A Damſel lay de-

ploring, All on a Rock re----clin'd; Wide

o'er the roar--ing Billows, She caſt a

wiſhful Look; Her Head was crown'd with

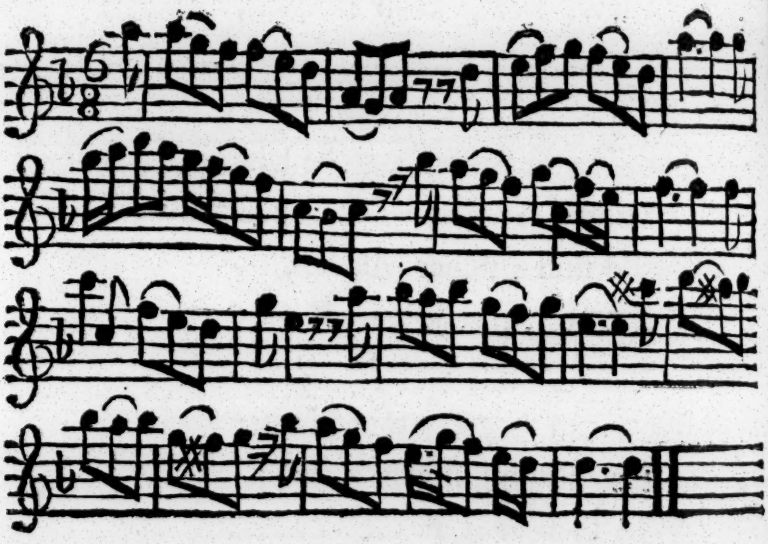
Willows, That trembled o'er the Brook.

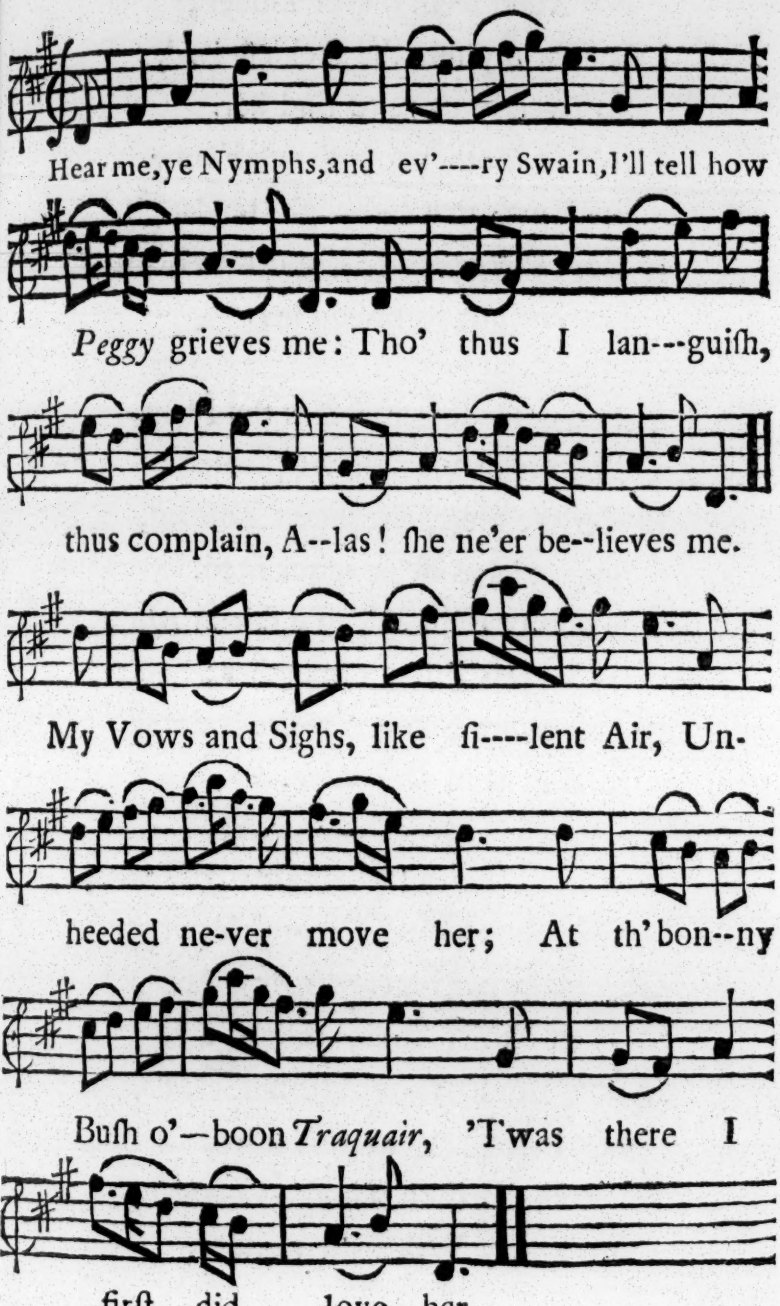
Twelve Months were gone and over,
And nine long tedious Days;
Why didſt thou, vent'rous Lover,
Why didſt thou truſt the Seas?
Ceaſe, ceaſe then, cruel Ocean,
And let my Lover reſt:
Ah! what's thy troubled Motion,
To that within my Breaſt?

The Merchant, robb'd of Treaſure,
Views Tempeſts in Deſpair;
But what's the Loſs of Treaſure,
To loſing of my Dear?
Shou'd you ſome Coaſt be laid on,
Where Gold and Diamonds grow;
You'd find a richer Maiden,
But none that loves you ſo.

How can they ſay that Nature
Has nothing made in vain;
Why then beneath the Water
Do hideous Rocks remain?
No Eyes thoſe Rocks diſcover,
That lurk beneath the Deep;
To wreck the wand'ring Lover,
And leave the Maid to weep.

All melancholy lying,
Thus wail'd She for her Dear;
Repaid each Blaſt with ſighing,
Each Billow with a Tear:
When o'er the wide Waves ſtooping,
His floating Corps ſhe ſpy'd;
Then, like a Lilly drooping,
She bow'd her Head and dy'd.

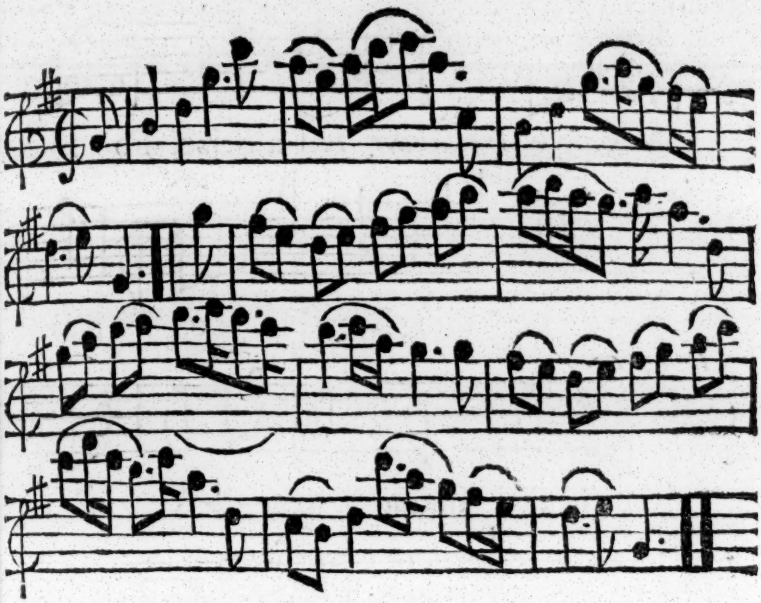
For the FLUTE.

The Buſh o' boon TRAQUAIR.

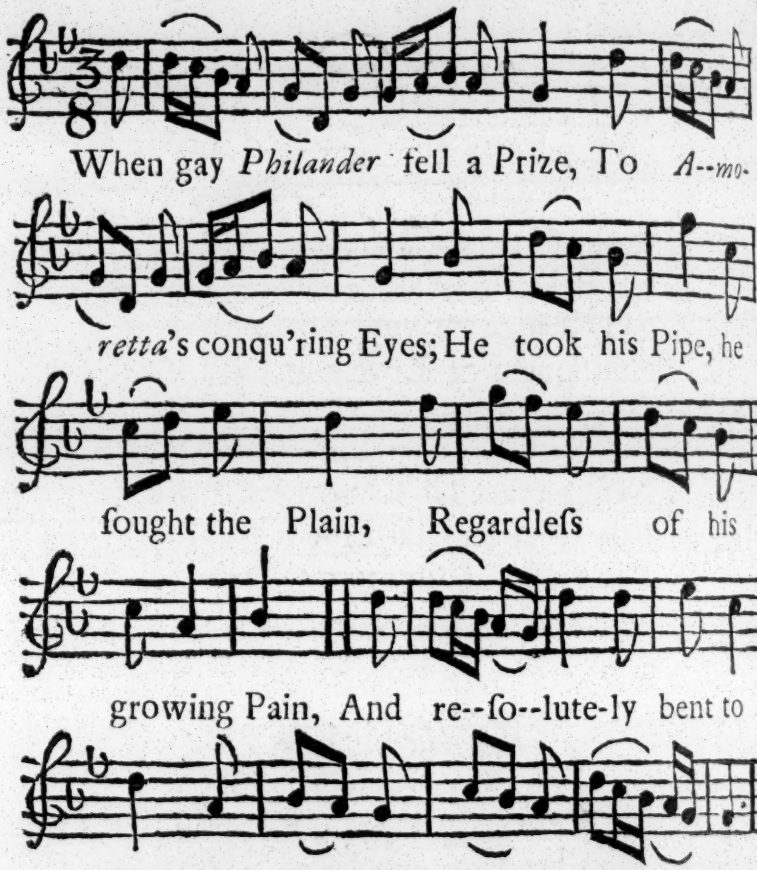


That Day ſhe ſmil'd, and made me glad,
No Maid ſeem'd ever kinder;
I thought my ſelf the luckieſt Lad,
So ſweetly there to find her.
I try'd to ſooth my am'rous Flame
In Words that I thought tender;
If more there paſs'd, I'm not to blame,
I meant not to offend her.

Yet now ſhe ſcornful flies the Plain,
The Fields we then frequented;
If e'er we meet, ſhe ſhews Diſdain,
She looks as ne'er acquainted.
The bonny Buſh bloom'd fair in *May*,
Its Sweets I'll ay remember;
But now her Frowns make it decay,
It fades as in *December*.

Ye rural Pow'rs, who hear my Strains,
Why thus ſhould *Peggy* grieve me?
Oh! make her Partner in my Pains,
Then let her Smiles relieve me.
If not, my Love will turn Deſpair,
My Paſſion no more tender;
I'll leave the Buſh o'boon *Traquair*,
To lonely Wilds I'll wander.

For the FLUTE.

PHILANDER and *AMORET.*



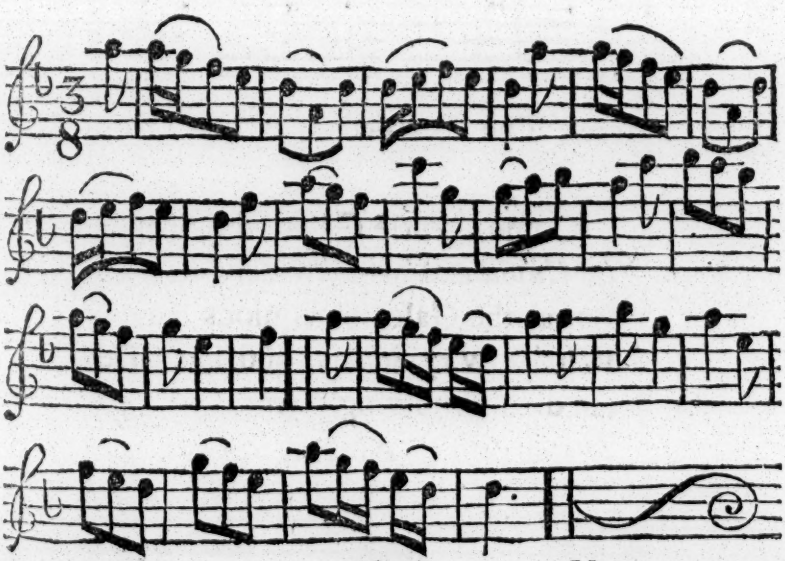
Come, gentle Gales, the Shepherd cry'd,
Be *Cupid* and his Bow defy'd:
But as the Gales obſequious flew,
With flow'ry Scents, and ſpicy Dew,
He did unknowingly repeat,
The Breath of Amoret *is ſweet.*

His

His Pipe again the Shepherd try'd,
And warbling Nightingales reply'd;
Their Sounds in rival Meaſures move,
And meeting Echoes charm the Grove.
His Thoughts, that rov'd, again repeat,
The Voice of Amoret *is ſweet.*

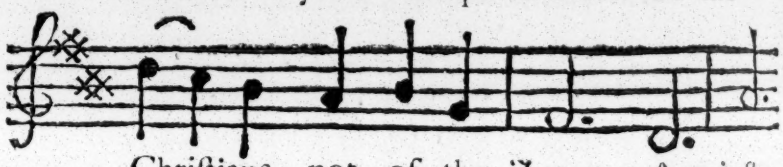
Since ev'ry fair and lovely View
His Thoughts of *Amoret* renew,
From flow'ry Lawn, and ſhady Green,
To Proſpect gloomy, chang'd the Scene:
Sad Change for him, for ſighing there,
He thought of Lovers in Deſpair.

Convinc'd, the ſad *Philander* cries,
Now, cruel God, aſſert thy Prize;
For Love its fatal Empire gains:
Yet grant, in Pity to my Pains,
Theſe Lines the Nymph may oft repeat;
And own *Philander*'s Lays are ſweet.

For the FLUTE.

The Tryal and Condemnation of JOHN *Duke of* MARLBOROUGH.

The Words by Mr. *RICH. ESTCOURT.*

I now have an Am-bi-tion, In this dead time of

News, To tell you the De-po--ſi-tion Of the

Chriſtians, not of the *Jews*, A-gainſt

John Duke of *Marl-bo-rough.*

II.

Attend then, Sons of *Britain:*
Of greater Crimes I ſing,
Than ever before were writ on,
Since the Time of a Queen, or a King,
All done by *John* Duke of *Marlborough.*

This

III.

This Man by Conſtitution
Was made for Liberty;
He helped the late Revolution,
On purpoſe to hurt Popery,
Did this *John* Duke of *Marlborough*.

IV.

The next great Crime of many,
His troubleſome Pride to ſhew,
Was marching to *High-Germany*:
And who gave 'em that damnable Blow,
But this *John* Duke of *Marlborough*?

V.

Nay more, to mend the Matter,
To his Shame and high Reproach,
An Army he made take Water,
And their General ſent by Coach:
All prov'd on *John* Duke of *Marlborough*.

VI.

To ſhew his Whig-Devotion
In keeping the Sabbath-Day,
He the Murther at *Ramilly* began
Upon a *Whitſunday*;
O heatheniſh *John* Duke of *Marlborough*!

VII.

Tho' buſie in his Slaughtering,
His Avarice ran ſo high,
That rather than ſpare the moſt *Chriſtian* King,
He ten thouſand Pounds gave to a Spy:
O covetous *John* Duke of *Marlborough!*

VIII.

At *Audenard* ſo ill to treat Foes,
And make poor Widows of Wives!
He took a Delight to beat ev'n Thoſe,
That never beat him in their Lives:
O Cowardly *John* Duke of *Marlborough!*

IX.

Villars, that civil, and good Man,
Safe in his Trenches cloſe,
From *Mons* he made run like a Footman,
Tho' Bulwark'd as high as his Noſe;
Uncivil *John* Duke of *Marlborough!*

X.

To ev'ry tender Chriſtian Ear
When Crimes, like theſe, ſhall come,
I know not how they abroad may appear,
I am ſure they ſound odly at home;
Theſe Deeds of *John* Duke of *Marlborough.*

Some

XI.

Some Facts, to make the *French* undone,
I've prov'd upon him well;
And truly what 'tis he has not done,
Impoſſible 'tis to tell,
Of this *John* Duke of *Marlborough.*

XII.

To prove that all theſe Things are ſo,
And not what Folks deviſe,
Was he ever the Man that once ſpar'd the Foe,
Or ever affronted th' Allies;
This ſame *John* Duke of *Marlborough?*

XIII.

Ghent, *Bruges*, and *Tournay* too,
And late the ſtrong *Bouchain*,
Of his own Head he forc'd to obey too,
Tho' wanting his Brother *Eugene*:
Hot-headed *John* Duke of *Marlborough!*

XIV.

Of theſe immoral things he brags,
'Cauſe we took no Notice at all;
You ſee with his pitiful *French* bloody Rags
How he has litter'd poor *Weſtminſter-Hall*;
O ſlovenly *John* Duke of *Marlborough!*

Nay

XV.

Nay more he ſtill wou'd fly at,
And all to mend the Peace;
Lord! how can we ever be quiet,
If we pardon ſuch Crimes as theſe,
In any but *John* Duke of *Marlborough*?

XVI.

Twelve Years, it ſadly true is,
By taking of Towns and Lines,
And baffling the poor King *Lewis*,
He has ſpoil'd the Pretender's Deſigns.
O meddleſome *John* Duke of *Marlborough*!

XVII.

Succeſs ſtill made him bolder:
And by the *Monſieur*'s Fall,
He has paſs'd on this Iſle for a Soldier,
But, it ſeems, he knows nothing at all;
Earl *P----t* ſays ſo of *Marlborough*.

XVIII.

This Year for War he voted,
But we reſolv'd on none;
For *Monſieur* was ſure to be routed,
And then — High-Church — had been undone
By *Engliſh John* Duke of *Marlborough*.

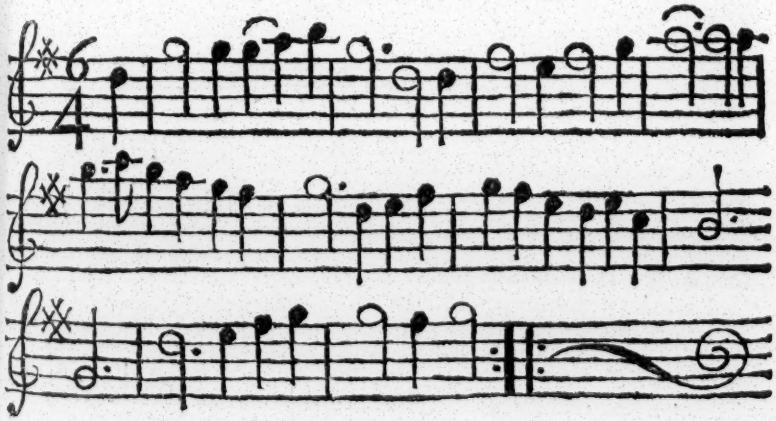
You

XIX.

You ſee the Troops don't need him,
He's *Out*, and in *France* they laugh;
But ſend any other to head them,
And I'll warrant old *Bourbon* is ſafe;
Keep back but *John* Duke of *Marlborough*.

XX.

For he, as Fame confeſſes,
That Kingdom meant to devour;
For which, and his heinous Succeſſes,
He's *Out*, and our Fears are all o'er;
Thus fell *John* Duke of *Marlborough*.

For the FLUTE.

The PRUDENTIAL LOVER.

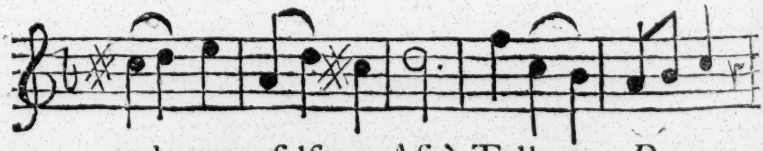
Set by Mr. *MUNRO.*

Brisk.

Whilſt the Town's brim full of Folly, And runs

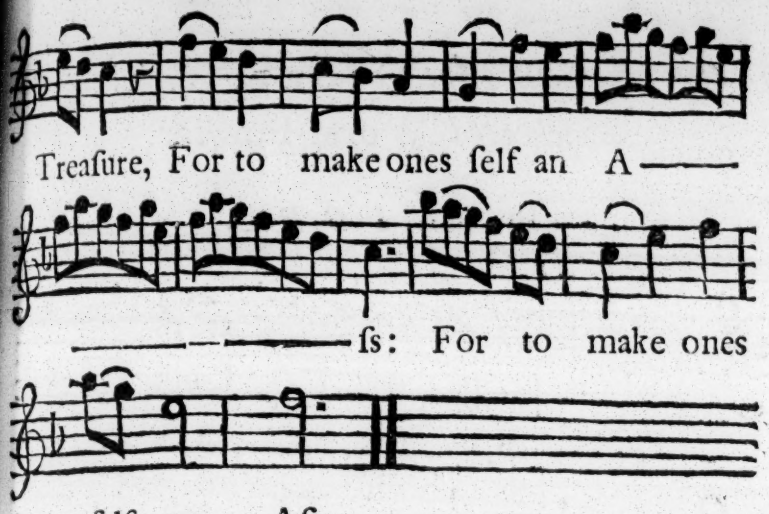
gadding af--ter *Polly*, Let us take a chearful

Glaſs. Tell me, *Damon*, where's the Pleaſure

Of beſtowing Time and Treaſure, For to

make ones ſelf an Aſs? Tell me, *Damon*,

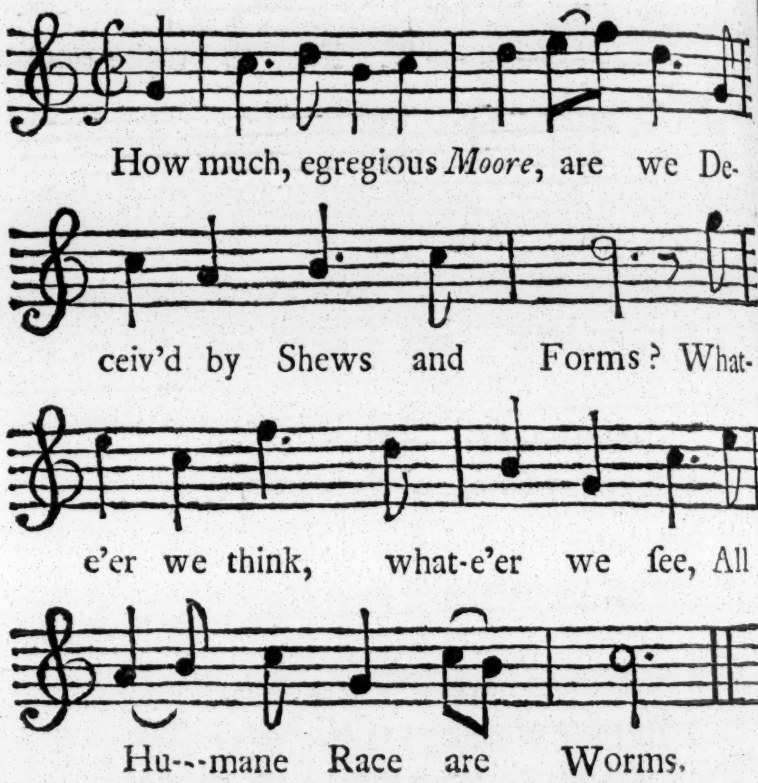
where's the Pleaſure Of be-ſtowing Time and

Treaſure;



I'm for Joys are leſs Expenſive,
Where the Pleaſure's more extenſive,
And from dull Attention free;
Where my *Celia*, o'er a Bottle,
Can, when tir'd with am'rous Prattle,
Sing old Songs as well as She.

To the Ingenious Mr. MOORE, *Author of the Celebrated* Worm-Powder.

By Mr. *POPE.*

Man is a very Worm by Birth,
Proud Reptile, vile and vain,
A-while he crawls upon the Earth;
Then ſhrinks to Earth again.

That

That Woman is a Worm we find,
E'er ſince our Grandam's Evil:
She firſt convers'd with her own Kind,
That ancient Worm the Devil.

The Learn'd themſelves we Book-Worms name,
The Block-head is a Slow-Worm:
The Nymph, whoſe Tail is all on Flame,
Is aptly term'd a Glow-Worm.

The Fops are painted Butter-Flies,
That flutter for a Day;
Firſt from a Worm they took their Riſe,
Then in a Worm decay.

The Flatterer an Ear-wig grows;
Some Worms ſuit all Conditions:
Miſers are Muck-worms; Silk-worms, Beaus;
And Death-Watches Phyſicians.

That Stateſmen have a Worm is ſeen,
By all their winding Play;
Their Conſcience is a Worm within,
That gnaws them Night and Day.

Ah, *Moore!* thy Skill were well employ'd,
And greater Gain wou'd riſe,
If thou could'ſt make the Courtier void
The Worm that never dies.

O Learned Friend of *Abchurch-Lane*,
Who ſett'ſt our Entrails free,
Vain is thy Art, thy Powder vain,
Since Worms ſhall eat e'en thee.

Thou only canſt our Fates adjourn
Some few ſhort Years, no more;
Ev'n *Button*'s Wits to Worms ſhall turn,
Who Maggots were before.

To CHLOE.

My *Chloe*, why d'ye ſlight me, Since all you

ask you have? No more with Frowns a-

fright me, Nor uſe me like a Slave.

Good Nature to diſ-co-ver, Uſe well your

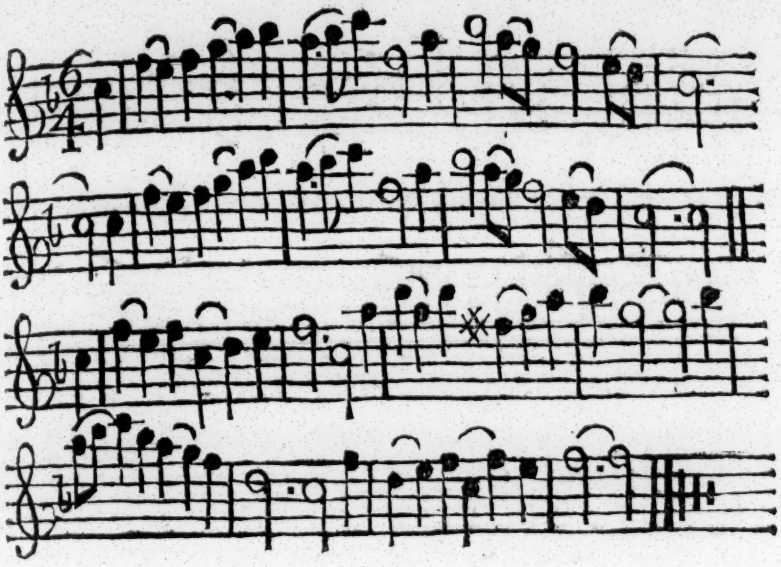
faithful Lo--ver, I'll be no more a Rover, But

conſtant to my Grave.

Could we but change Condition,
My Griefs would all be flown;
Poor I, the kind Phyſician,
And you, the Patient grown.
All own you're wond'rous pretty,
Well-ſhap'd, and alſo witty;
Enforc'd by gen'rous Pity,
Then make my Caſe your own.

The Pow'rs who kindly gave us,
And form'd our Shape and Mind,
Too ſurely would enſlave us,
Were they like you inclin'd;
Then Goodneſs be your Duty,
Or I muſt bid Adieu t'ye;
Like them, with all your Beauty,
Be merciful and kind.

The ſilver Swan, when dying,
Has moſt melodious Lays;
Like him, when Life is flying,
In Songs I'll end my Days.
But know, thou cruel Creature,
My Soul ſhall mount the fleeter,
And I ſhall ſing the ſweeter,
By warbling forth your Praiſe.

For the FLUTE.

The RECANTING LOVER.

As early I walk'd, on the firſt of ſweet *May*, Be-

neath a ſteep Mountain, Be----ſide a clear

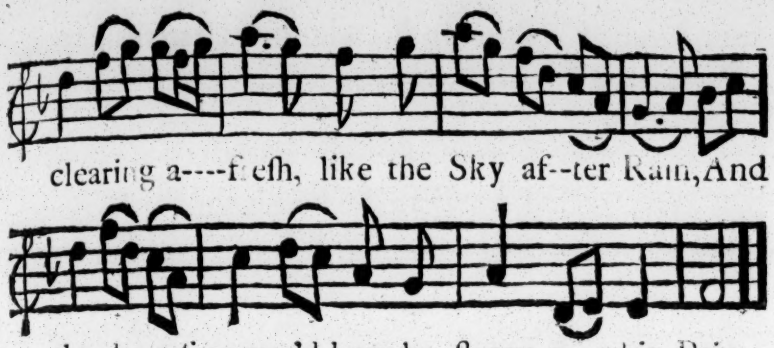
Fountain, I heard a grave Lute ſoft Me-lo-dy

play, Whilſt Echo re-ſound-ed the dolorous Lay.

I liſten'd and look'd, and ſpy'd a young Swain, With

Aſpect di--ſtreſſed, and Spirits op-preſſed, Seem'd

clearing

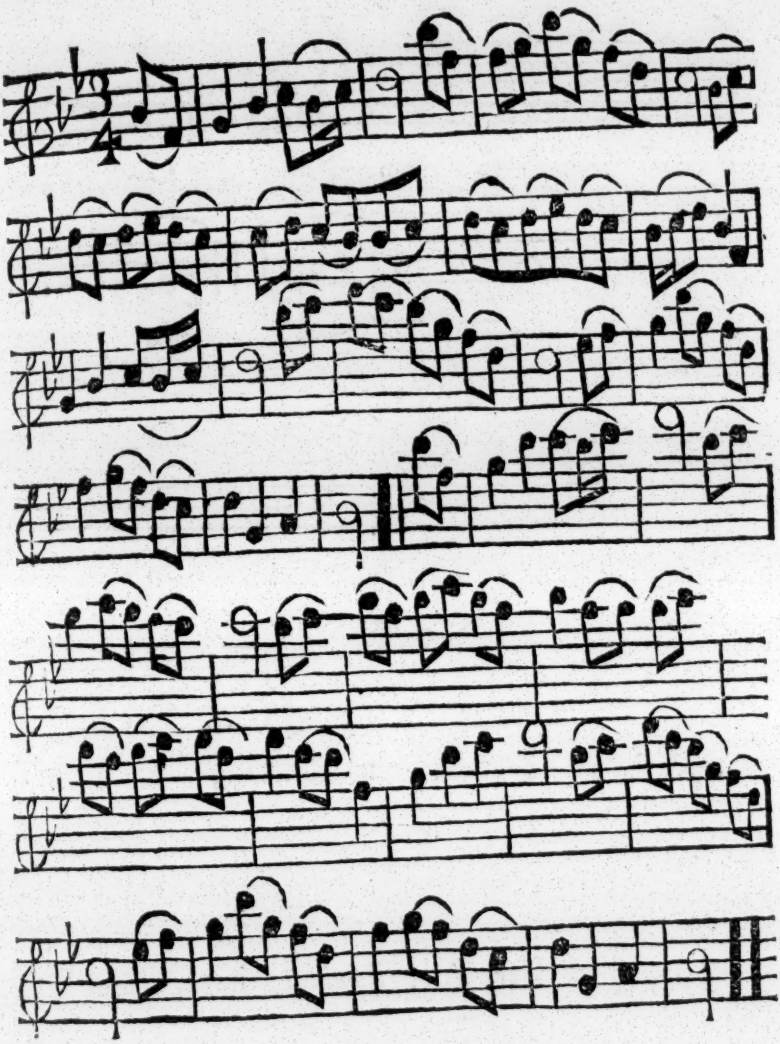
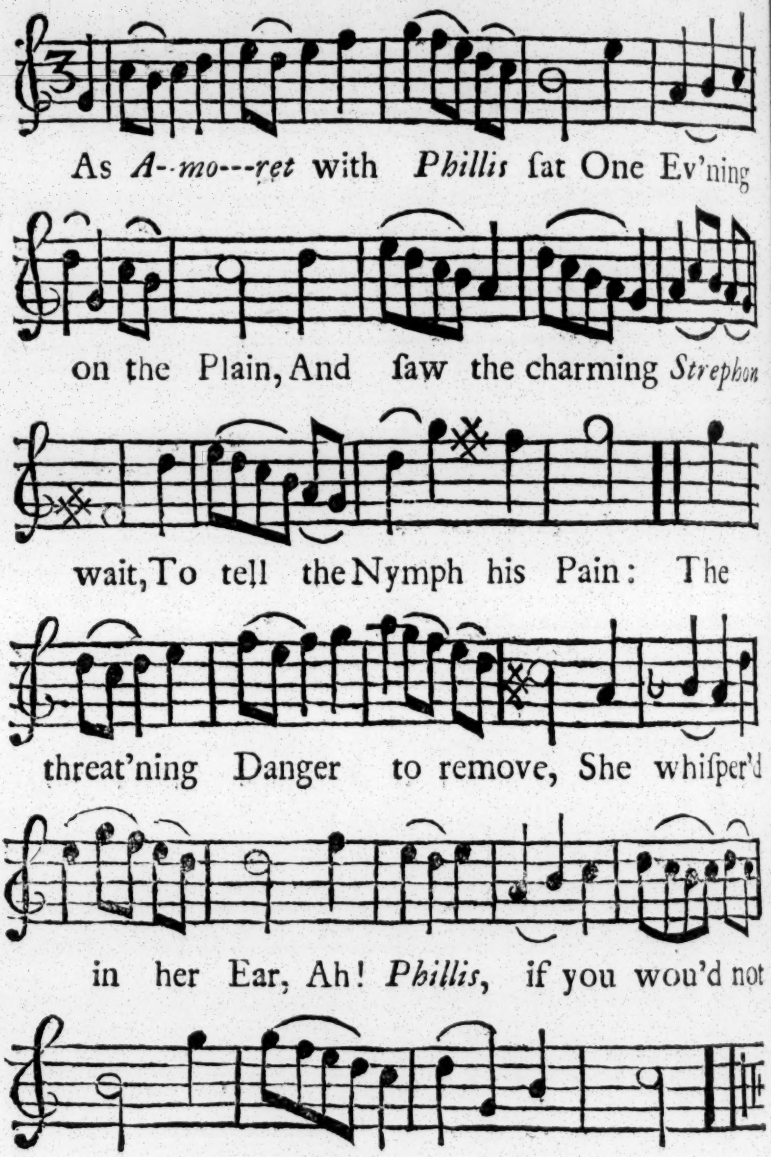


Tho' *Eliza* be coy, why should I repine,
That a Maid much above me
Vouchsafes not to love me?
In her high Sphere of Worth I never could shine;
Then why should I seek to debase her to mine?
No! henceforth Esteem shall govern my Desire,
And in due Subjection
Retain warm Affection;
To shew that Self-love inflames not my Fire;
And that no other Swain can more humbly admire.

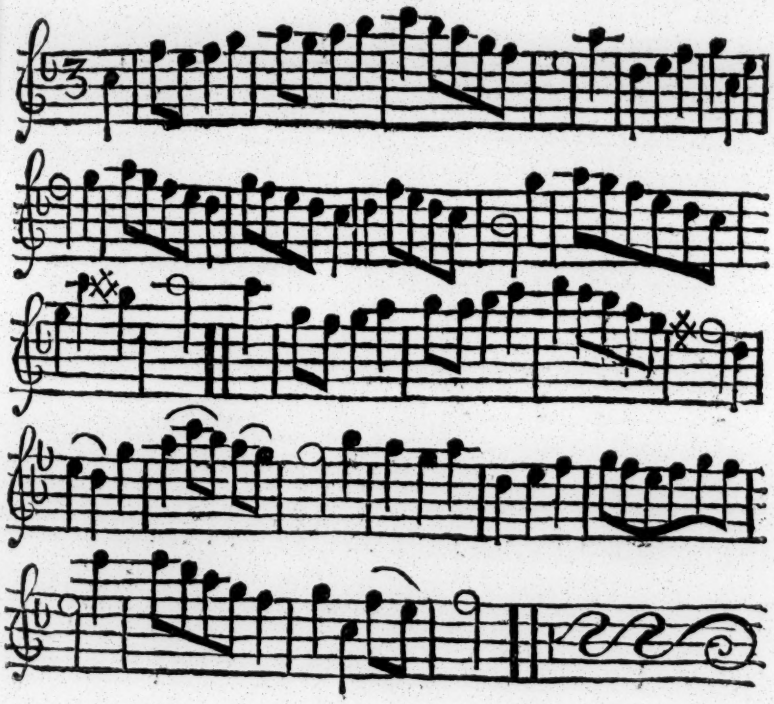
When Passion shall cease to rage in my Breast,
Then Quiet returning
Shall hush my sad Mourning,
And Lord of my self, in absolute Rest,
I'll hug the Condition which Heav'n shall think best.
Thus Friendship unmix'd, and wholly refin'd,
May still be respected,
Tho' Love is rejected:
Eliza shall own, tho' to Love not inclin'd,
That she ne'er had a Friend, like her Lover, resign'd.

May the fortunate Youth, who hereafter ſhall woo
With proſp'rous Endeavour,
And gain her dear Favour,
Know as well as I, what t' *Eliza* is due,
Be much more deſerving, but never leſs true.
Whilſt I, diſengag'd from all amorous Cares,
Sweet Liberty taſting,
On calmeſt Peace feaſting;
Employing my Reaſon to dry up my Tears,
In Hopes of Heav'n's Bliſſes I'll ſpend my few Years.

Ye Powers, that preſide over virtuous Love,
Come aid me with Patience,
To bear my Vexations;
With equal Deſires my flutt'ring Heart move,
With Sentiments pureſt my Notions improve.
If Love in his Fetters e'er catch me again,
May Courage protect me,
And Prudence direct me;
Prepar'd for all Fates, rememb'ring the Swain,
Who grew happily wiſe, after loving in vain.

For the FLUTE.

AMORET's *Advice to* PHILLIS.

None

None ever had ſo ſtrange an Art,
His Paſſion to convey
Into a liſt'ning Virgin's Heart,
And ſteal her Soul away.
Fly, fly betimes, for fear you give
Occaſion for your Fate.
In vain, ſaid ſhe, in vain I ſtrive;
Alas! 'tis now too late.

For the FLUTE.

On his MISTRESS.

By Mr. Rowe.

Since I have long lov'd you in vain, And

doated on ev'ry Fea----ture;

Give me, at leaſt, but Leave to complain Of

ſo un---grate-ful a Creature.

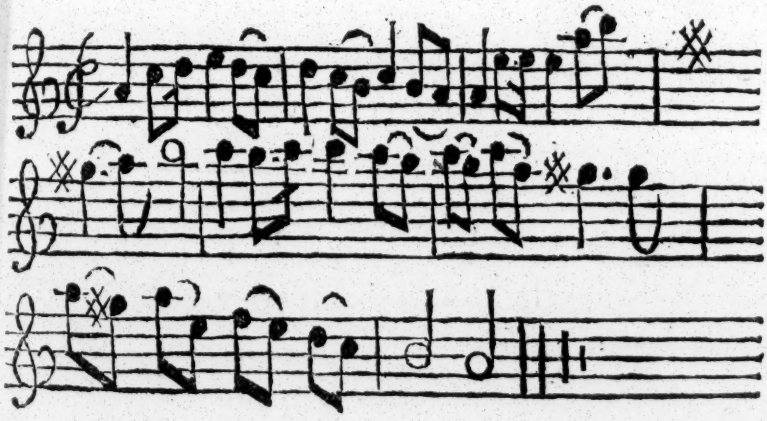
Tho' I beheld in your wand'ring Eyes,
The wanton Symptoms of Ranging;
Yet I reſolv'd againſt being Wiſe,
And lov'd you, in ſpite of your Changing.

Her

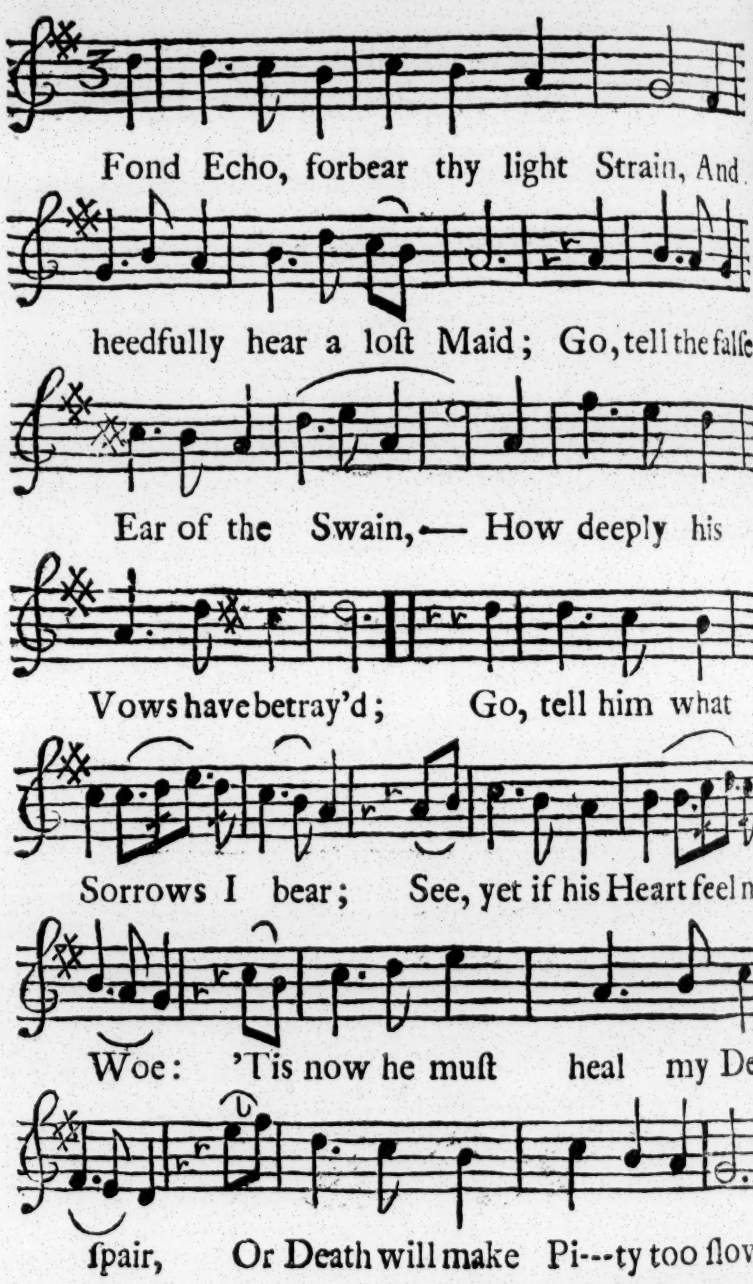
Her Anſwer.

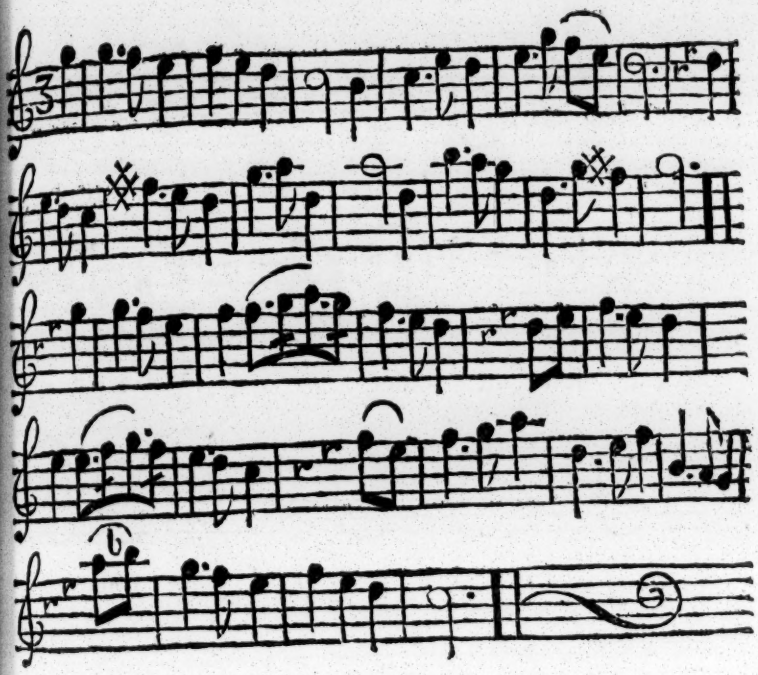
WHY ſhou'd you blame what Heav'n has made,
Or find any Fault in Creation?
'Tis not the Crime of the faithleſs Maid,
But Nature's Inclination.

'Tis not becauſe I love you leſs,
Or think you not a true One;
But, if the Truth I muſt confeſs,
I always lov'd a new One.

For the FLUTE.

Sung in the DISTREST LOVERS.

The Words by Mr. THEOBALD. Set by Mr. GOUGE.



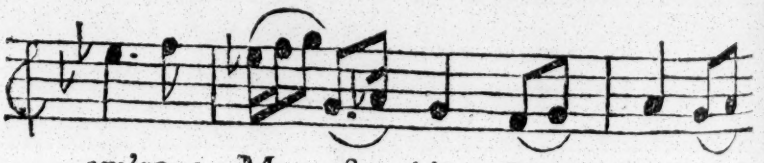
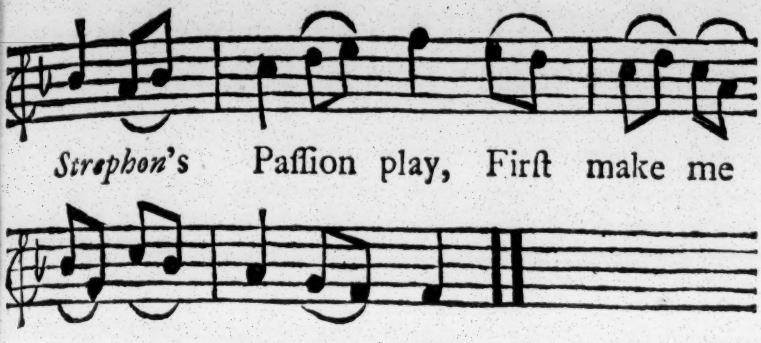
For the FLUTE.

STREPHON's RESOLVE

Oh lovely Maid! how dear's thy Pow'r? At

once I love, at once a--dore: With Wonder

are my Thoughts poſſeſt, While ſoft---eſt

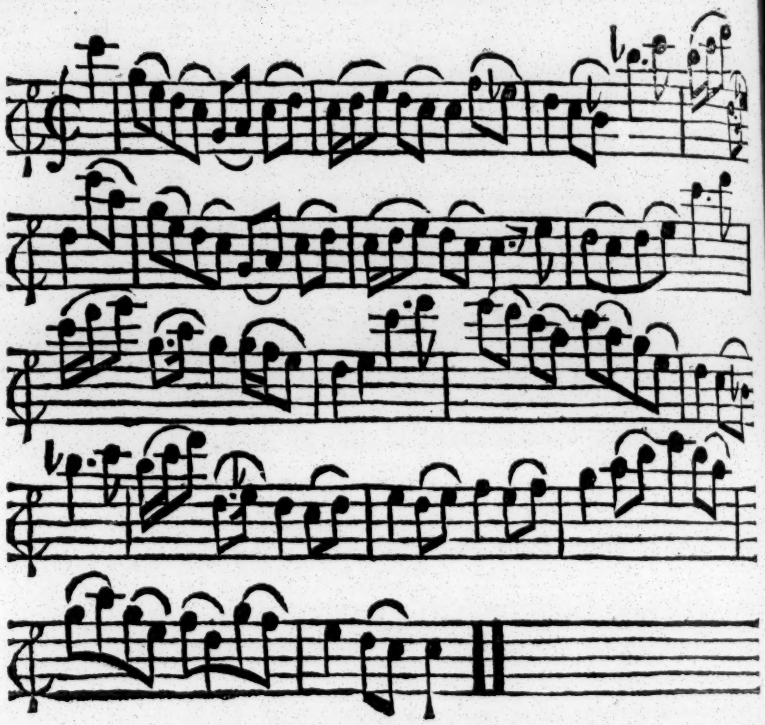
Love in----ſpires my Breaſt. This tender

Look, theſe Eyes of mine, Con-feſs their

am'rous Ma----ſter thine; Theſe Eyes with

Yes, charming Victor, I am thine,
Poor as it is, this Heart of mine
Was never in another's Pow'r,
Was never pierc'd by Love before.
In thee I've treaſur'd up my Joy,
Thou can'ſt give Bliſs, or Bliſs deſtroy:
And thus I've bound my ſelf to Love,
While Bliſs or Miſery can move.

O ſhould I ne'er poſſeſs thy Charms,
Ne'er meet my Comfort in thy Arms,
Were Hopes of dear Enjoyment gone,
Still would I love, love thee alone.
But, like ſome diſcontented Shade,
That wanders where its Body's laid,

Mourn-

Mournful I'd roam, with hollow Glare,
For ever exil'd from my Fair.

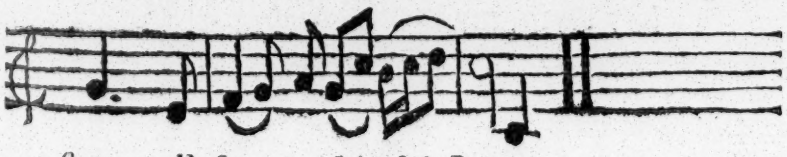
For the FLUTE.

The Bonny SCOT.

Ye Gales, that gently wave the Sea, And

pleaſe the canny Boat--man, Bear me frae hence, or

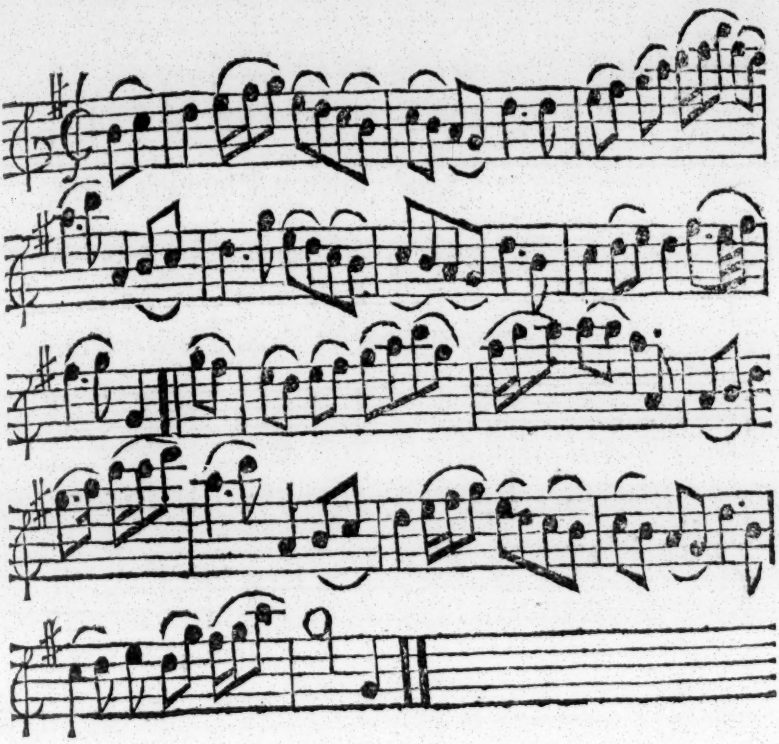
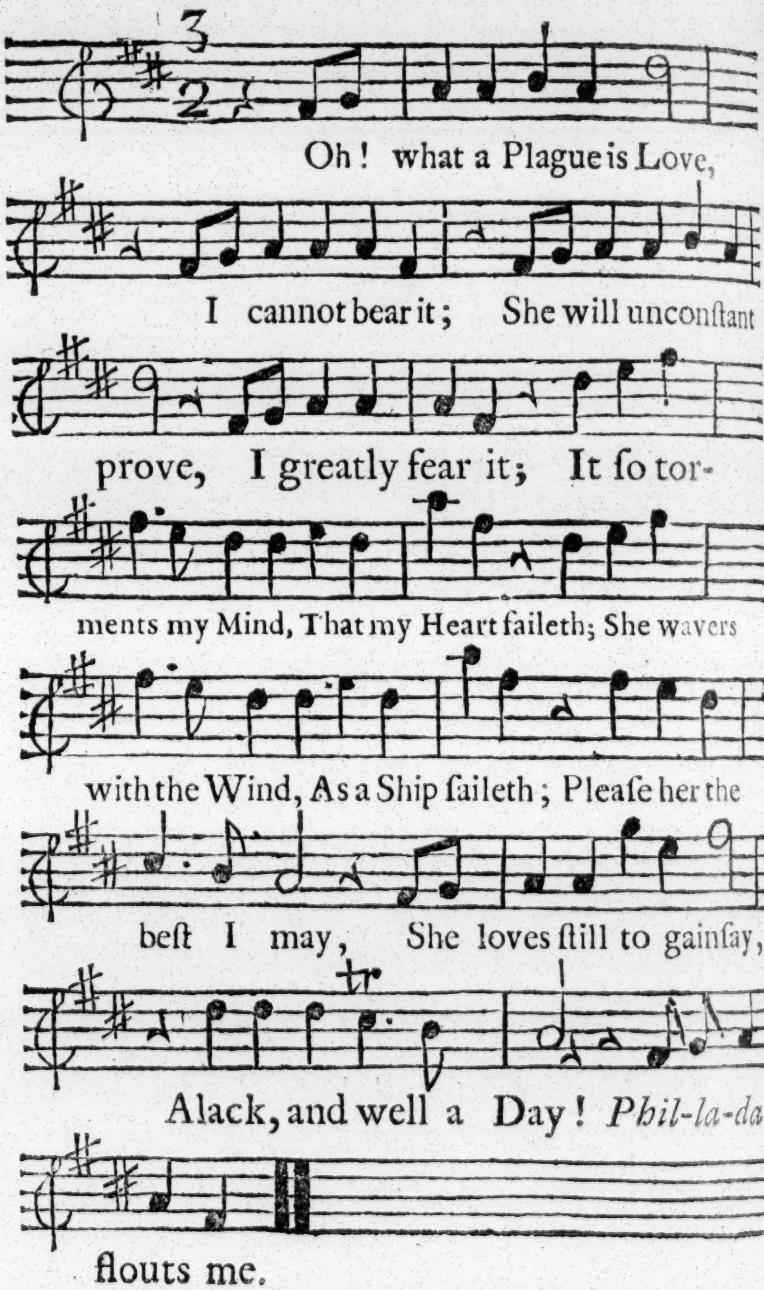
bring to me My brave, my bonny, *Scot*---Man.

In haly Bands We join'd our Hands, Yet may not

this diſ---cover; While Parents rate a large E-

ſtate, Before a faithfu' Lover.

But I loor chuſe in *Highland* Glens
To herd the Kid and Goat----Man,
Ere I could for ſick little Ends
Refuſe my bonny *Scot*----Man.
Wae worth the Man
Wha firſt began
The baſe ungenerous Faſhion,
Frae greedy Views
Love's Art to uſe,
While Stranger to its Paſſion.

Frae foreign Fields, my lovely Youth,
Haſte to thy longing Laſſie,
Wha pants to preſs thy bawny Mouth,
And in her Boſom hawſe thee.
Love gi'es the Word,
Then haſte on Board,
Fair Winds, and tenty Boat---Man:
Waft o'er, waft o'er,
Frae yonder Shore,
My blyth, my bonny, *Scot*----Man.

For the FLUTE.

PHILLADA *flouts me.*

At the Fair t' other Day,
As ſhe paſs'd by me,
She look'd another Way,
And wou'd not ſpy me.
I woo'd her for to dine,
But cou'd not get her;
Dick had her to the *Vine*,
He might intreat her.
With *Daniel* ſhe did dance,
On me ſhe wou'd not glance;
Oh thrice unhappy Chance!
Phillada flouts me.

Fair Maid, be not ſo coy,
Do not diſdain me;
I am my Mother's Joy;
Sweet, entertain me.
I ſhall have, when ſhe dies,
All Things that's fitting;
Her Poultry, and her Bees,
And her Gooſe ſitting;
A Pair of Mattreſs Beds,
A Barrel full of Shreds:
And yet, for all theſe Goods,
Phillada flouts me.

I often heard her ſay,
That ſhe lov'd Poſies;
In the laſt Month of *May*
I gave her Roſes,

Cowſlips, and Gilly-flowers,
And the ſweet Lilly,
I got to deck the Bowers
Of my dear *Philly*.
She did them all diſdain,
And threw them back again;
Therefore 'tis flat, and plain,
Phillada flouts me.

Thou ſhalt eat Curds and Cream
All the Year laſting,
And drink the chryſtal Stream,
Pleaſant in taſting:
Swigg Whey, until you burſt,
Eat Bramble-berries,
Pye-lid, and Paſtry Cruſt,
Pears, Plumbs, and Cherries;
Thy Garments ſhall be thin,
Made of a Weather's Skin;
Yet all's not worth a Pin.
Phillada flouts me.

Which Way ſoe'er I go,
She ſtill torments me;
And whatſoe'er I do,
Nothing contents me:
I fade, and pine away
With Grief and Sorrow;
I fall quite to decay,
Like any Shadow;

I ſhall be dead, I fear,
Within a thouſand Year,
And all, becauſe my dear
Phillada flouts me.

Fair Maiden, have a Care,
And in Time take me;
I can have thoſe as fair,
If you forſake me:
There's *Doll*, the Dairy-maid,
Smil'd on me lately,
And wanton *Winnifred*
Favours me greatly;
One throws Milk on my Cloaths,
T' other plays with my Noſe;
What pretty Toys are thoſe!
Phillada flouts me.

She has a Cloth of mine,
Wrought with blue *Coventry*,
Which ſhe keeps as a Sign
Of my Fidelity:
But if ſhe frowns on me,
She ſhall ne'er wear it;
I'll give it my Maid *Joan*,
And ſhe ſhall tear it.
Since 'twill no better be,
I'll bear it patiently;
Yet, all the World may ſee,
Phillada flouts me.

The Anſwer. By Mr. A. BRADLEY.

OH! where's the Plague in Love,
That you can't bear it?
If Men wou'd conſtant prove,
They need not fear it.
Young Maidens, ſoft and kind,
Are moſt in Danger;
Men waver with the Wind,
Each Man's a Ranger:
Their Falſhood makes us know,
That two Strings to our Bow
Is beſt, I find it ſo:
Barnaby doubts me.

'Tis I that ſhou'd deſpair,
'Tis you that ſlight me.
What tho' when at the Fair
Dick did invite me;
Tho' *Daniel* with me danc'd,
You may believe me,
I often on thee glanc'd,
I'd not deceive thee;
I ſaw thee look awry,
I knew the Reaſon why,
I can ſee with one Eye,
Barnaby doubts me.

Thou young and ſilly Boy,
Do I diſdain thee?
Becauſe thou'rt Mother's Joy,
I'd entertain thee;

Yet,

Yet, wiſh I not her Death,
For ought ſhe'd leave thee,
Nor, when Time ſtops her Breath,
Will I deceive thee.
What care I for her Geeſe,
Or Beds of carded Fleece?
Since this quite breaks my Peace,
Barnaby doubts me.

What tho' when I did ſay
That I lov'd Poſies,
You, in the Month of *May*,
Brought me ſweet Roſes?
You never ſhew'd the Thing
That moſt wou'd pleaſe me;
A gay gold Wedding-Ring
Wou'd ſoon have eas'd me.
I ſhould not with Diſdain
Have thrown it back again;
I think 'tis flat, and plain,
Barnaby doubts me.

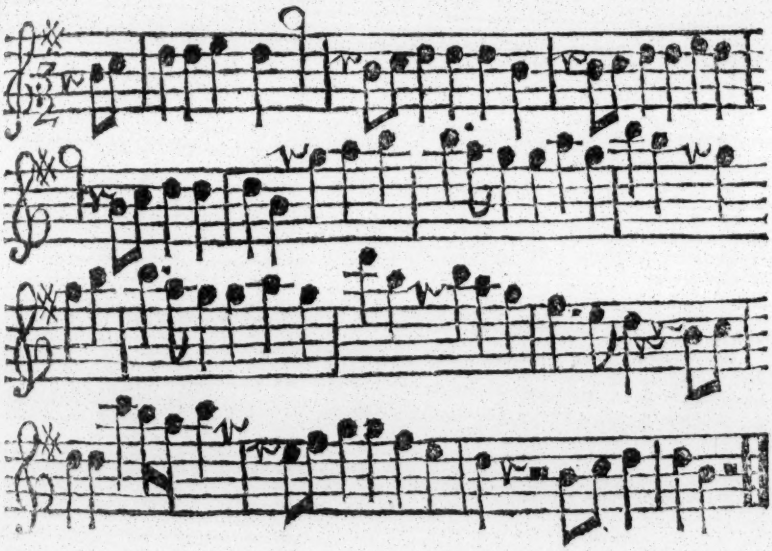
Talk not of Curds and Cream,
Pears, Plumbs, and Cherries,
Nor of the chryſtal Stream,
Or Bramble-berries:
Moſt ſurely you forget
Our wonted Friſking,
The Cock'ril on the Spit,
And the Pork Griſking;

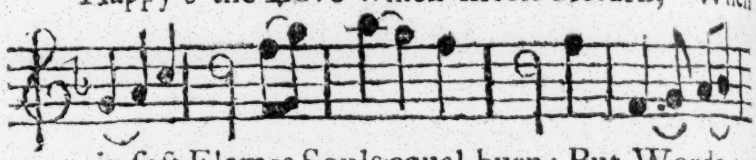
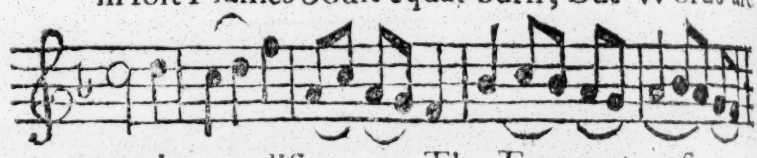
With more that might be ſaid,
When I got Dame to Bed;
Yet, oh! unhappy Maid,
Barnaby doubts me.

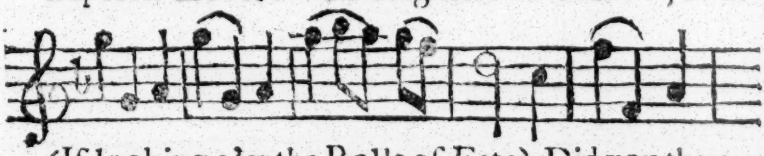
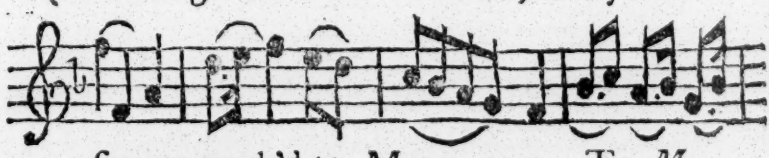
You ſay, whate'er you do,
Nothing contents thee;
I pray it may be ſo,
Whilſt thou torment'ſt me:
I pine, and ſigh, all Night,
And wiſh for Morrow,
I can have no Delight,
I'm full of Sorrow.
Oh! if I dye, I fear,
Within a thouſand Year,
My Ghoſt will make't appear,
Barnaby doubts me.

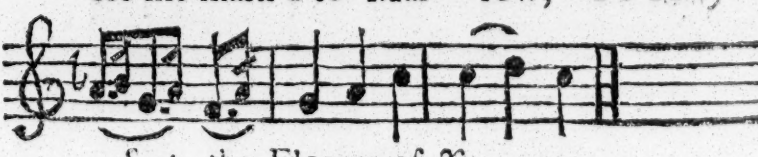
I knit thy worſted Hoſe,
To ſave the Penny,
But wou'd not ſpot thy Cloaths,
Like idle *Winny*:
Yet wanton *Winnifred*
You like much better;
Or *Doll*, the Dairy-maid,
If you cou'd get her.
Ungrateful *Barnaby*,
How can'ſt thou threaten me?
But I knew how 'twou'd be,
Barnaby doubts me.

The Cloth I have of thine,
Wrought with blue *Coventry*,
Which thou gav'ſt as a Sign
Of thy Fidelity,
I'll give it back again,
To thee as Token,
That by a perjur'd Swain,
My ſad Heart's broken.
Oh! *Barnaby*, unkind,
Thou'lt quite diſtract my Mind,
Too late, alas! I find,
Barnaby doubts me.

For the FLUTE.

MARY SCOT.

Happy's the Love which meets Return, When

in ſoft Flames Souls equal burn; But Words are

wanting to diſ-co--ver The Torments of a

hopeleſs Lover: Ye Regiſters of Heav'n, relate

(If looking o'er the Rolls of Fate) Did you there

ſee me mark'd to Mar----row, To *Mary*



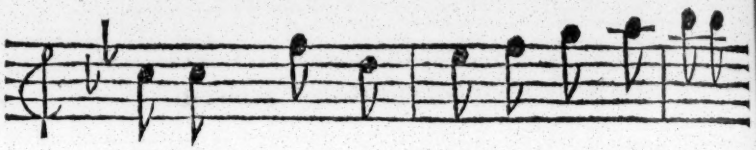
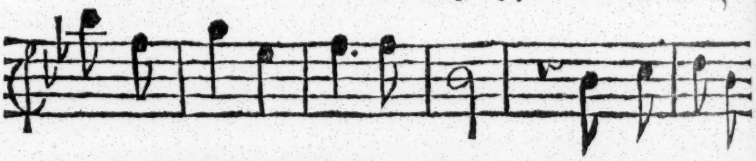
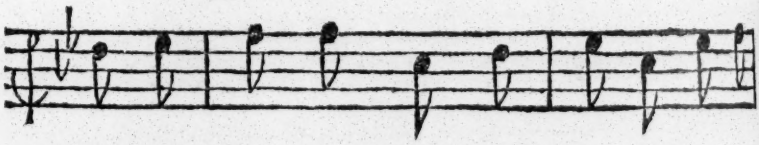
Scot the Flower of *Yar--row*.

Ah no! her Form's too heav'nly fair,
Her Love the Gods above muſt ſhare,
While Mortals with Deſpair explore her,
And at Diſtance due adore her.
O lovely Maid, my Doubts beguile!
Revive, and bleſs me, with a Smile:
Alas! if not, you'll ſoon debar a
Sighing Swain the Banks of *Yarrow*.

Be huſht, ye Fears: I'll not deſpair.
My *Mary*'s tender as ſhe's fair;
Then I'll go tell her all mine Anguiſh;
She is too good to let me languiſh.
With Succeſs crown'd, I'll not envy
The Folks who dwell above the Sky,
When *Mary Scot* becomes my Marrow,
We'll make a Paradiſe on *Yarrow*.

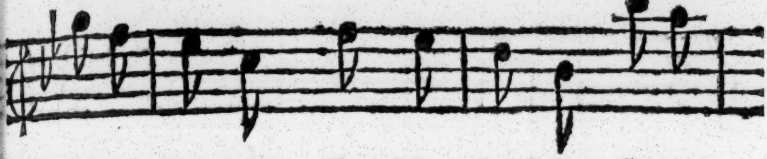
Sung by Mr. LEVERIDGE *in the Character of* CHARON, *in the Entertainment call'd* Dr. FAUSTUS.

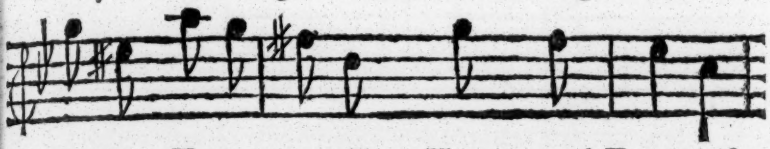
Ghoſts of ev'ry Occupation, Ev'ry Rank, and

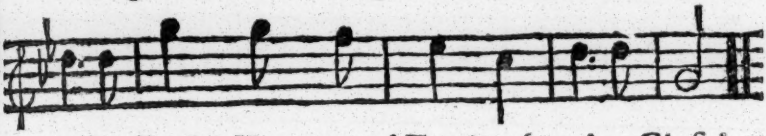
ev'ry Nation; Some with Crimes all foul and

ſpotted, Some to hap--py Fates allotted,

Preſs the *Stygian* Lake to paſs. Here a Soldier

roars like Thunder, Prates of Wenches, Wine and

Plunder: Stateſmen here the Times ac-

cuſing; Poets Senſe for Rhymes abuſing;

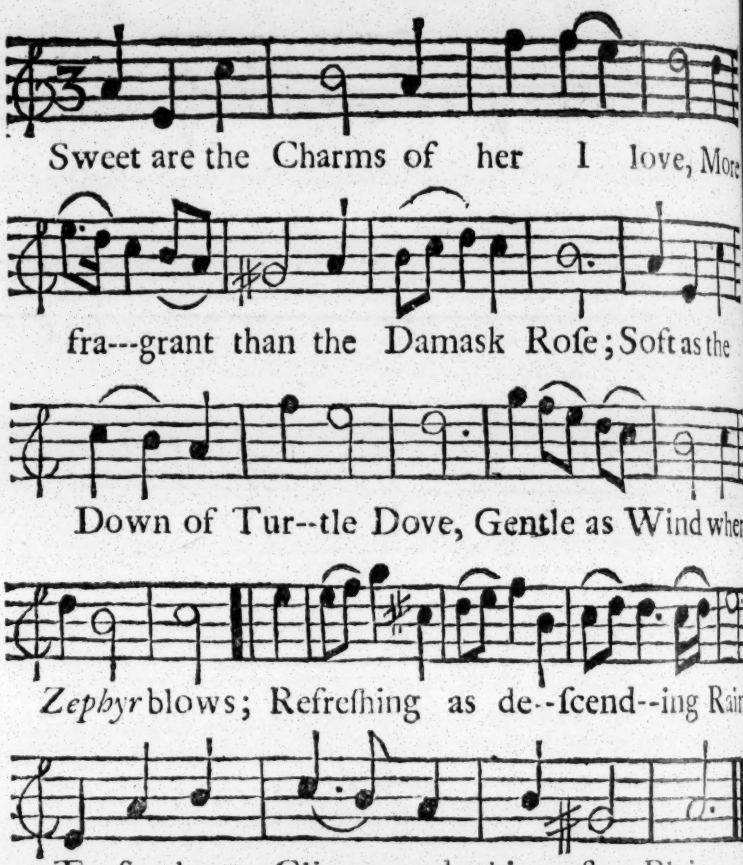


Lawyers chatt'ring, Courtiers flatt'ring, Bullies

ranting, Zealots canting; Knaves and Fools of



ev'ry Claſs! Knaves and Fools of ev'ry Claſs!

The Words by Mr. *BOOTH.*

Set by Mr. LEVERIDGE.

True as the Needle to the Pole,
Or as the Dial to the Sun;
Conſtant as gliding Waters rowl,
Whoſe ſwelling Tides obey the Moon:
From ev'ry other Charmer free,
My Life and Love ſhall follow thee.

The

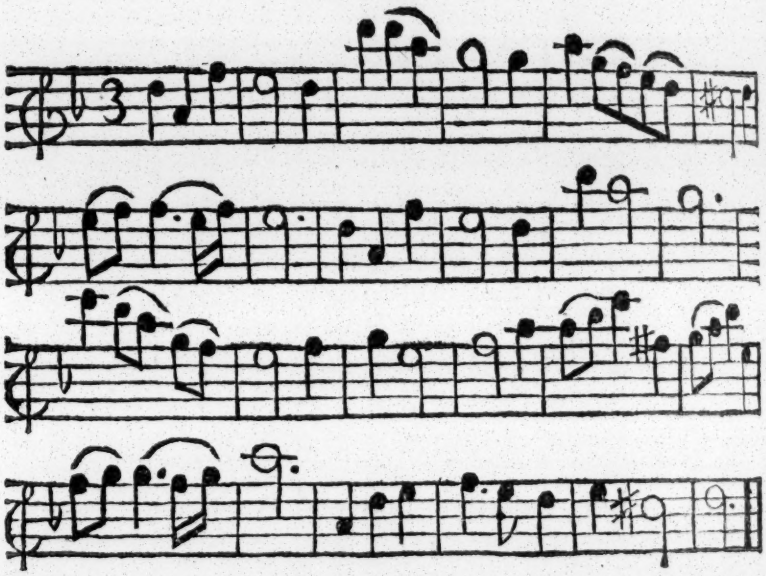
The Lamb the flow'ry Thyme devours,
The Dam the tender Kid purſues;
Sweet *Philomel*, in ſhady Bowers
Of verdant Spring, her Note renews:
All follow what they moſt admire,
As I purſue my Soul's Deſire.

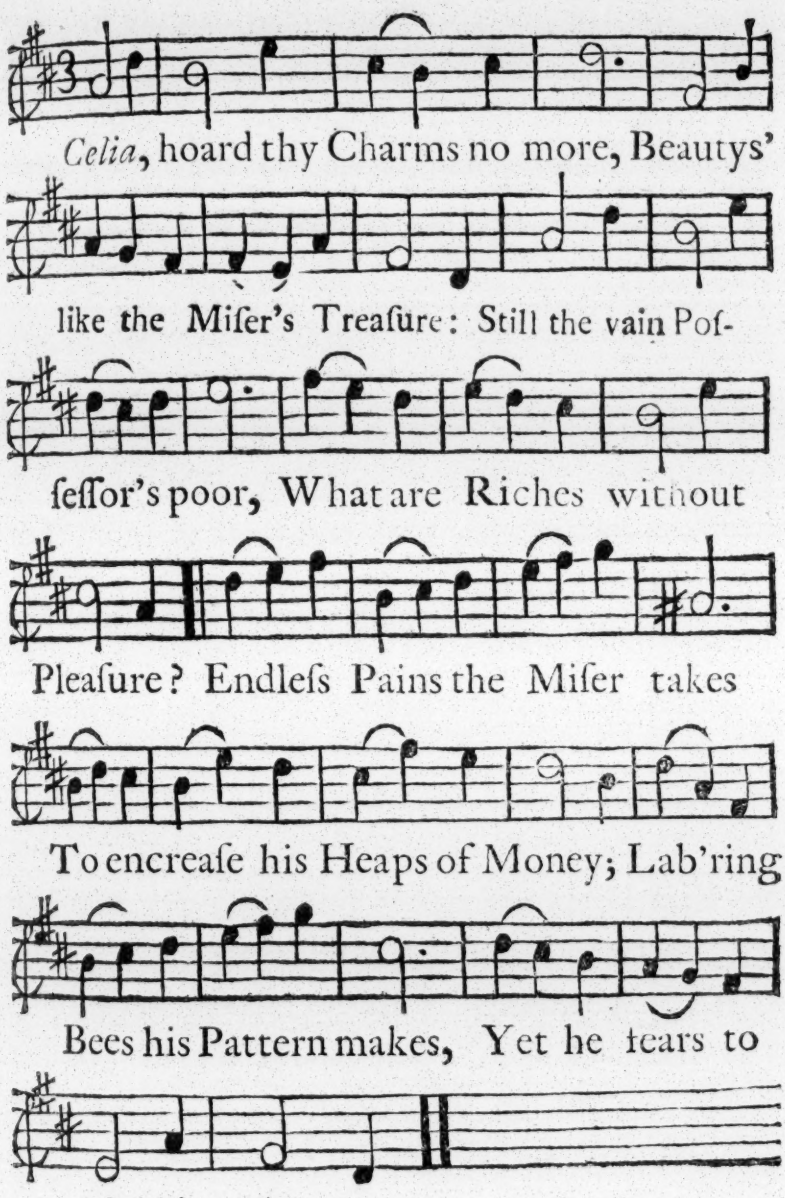
Nature muſt change her beauteous Face,
And vary as the Seaſons riſe;
As Winter to the Spring gives Place,
Summer th' Approach of Autumn flies:
No Change on Love the Seaſons bring,
Love only knows perpetual Spring.

Devouring Time, with ſtealing Pace,
Makes lofty Oaks and Cedars bow;
And marble Towers, and Walls of Braſs,
In his rude March he levels low:
But Time, deſtroying far and wide,
Love from the Soul can ne'er divide.

Death only, with his cruel Dart,
The gentle Godhead can remove;
And drive him from the bleeding Heart,
To mingle with the Bleſt above:
Where, known to all his Kindred Train,
He finds a laſting Reſt from Pain.

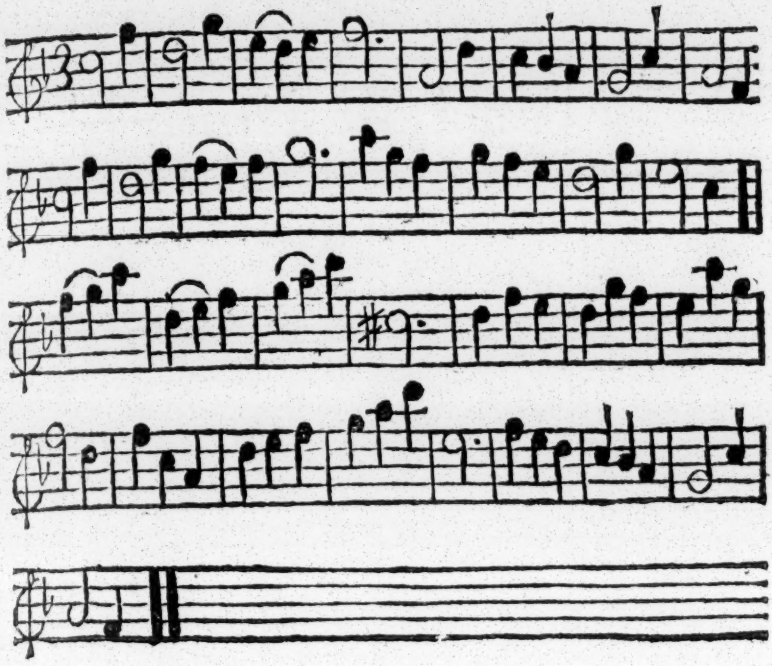
Love, and his Siſter fair, the Soul,
Twin-born from Heaven together came;
Love will the Univerſe controul,
When dying Seaſons loſe their Name:
Divine Abodes ſhall own his Power,
When Time and Death ſhall be no more.

For the FLUTE.

The COMPARISON.

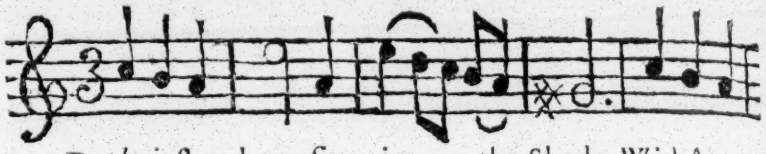
Set by Mr. *GALLIARD.*

Views, with aking Eyes, his Store,
Trembling, leſt he chance to loſe it;
Pining ſtill, for Want of more,
Tho' the Wretch wants Pow'r to uſe it.
Celia thus, with endleſs Arts,
Spends her Days, her Charms improving;
Lab'ring ſtill to conquer Hearts,
Yet ne'er taſtes the Sweets of Loving.

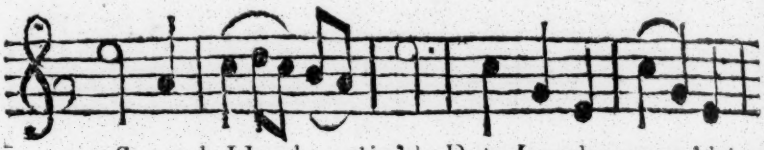
Views with Pride, her Shape, her Face,
Fancying ſtill ſhe's under Twenty;
Age brings Wrinkles on a-pace,
While ſhe ſtarves with all her Plenty.
Soon or late, they Both will find,
Time their Idol from them ſever;
He muſt leave his Gold behind,
Lock'd within his Grave for ever.

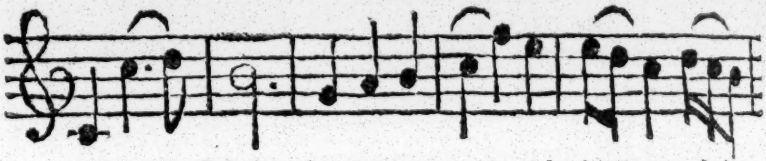
Celia's Fate will ſtill be worſe,
When her fading Charms deceive her;
Vain Deſire will be her Curſe,
When no Mortal will relieve her.
Celia, hoard thy Charms no more,
Beauty's like the Miſer's Treaſure:
Taſte a little of thy Store;
What is Beauty without Pleaſure?

For the FLUTE.

DAPHNIS and *CLOE.*

The Words by Mr. GAY.



Daphnis ſtood penſive in----- the Shade, With Arms a-

croſs, and Head reclin'd; Pale Looks accus'd the



cru--el Maid, And Sighs reliev'd his love-ſick

Mind: His tuneful Pipe all broken lay,

Looks, Sighs, and Actions ſeem'd to ſay, My

Chlo-----e is unkind.

Why

Why ring the Woods with warbling Throats?
Ye Larks, ye Linnets, ceaſe your Strains;
I faintly hear, in your ſweet Notes,
My *Chloe*'s Voice that wakes my Pains:
Yet why ſhould you your Song forbear?
Your Mates delight your Song to hear;
But *Chloe* mine diſdains.

As thus he melancholy ſtood,
Dejected as the lonely Dove;
Sweet Sounds broke gently through the Wood,
I feel the Sound; my Heart-ſtrings move.
'Twas not the Nightingale that ſung,
No. 'Tis my *Chloe*'s ſweeter Tongue.
Hark, hark, what ſays my Love!

How fooliſh is the Nymph, (ſhe crys)
Who trifles with her Lover's Pain!
Nature ſtill ſpeaks in Woman's Eyes,
Our artful Lips were made to feign.
O *Daphnis*, *Daphnis*, 'twas my Pride,
'Twas not my Heart thy Love deny'd;
Come back, dear Youth, again.

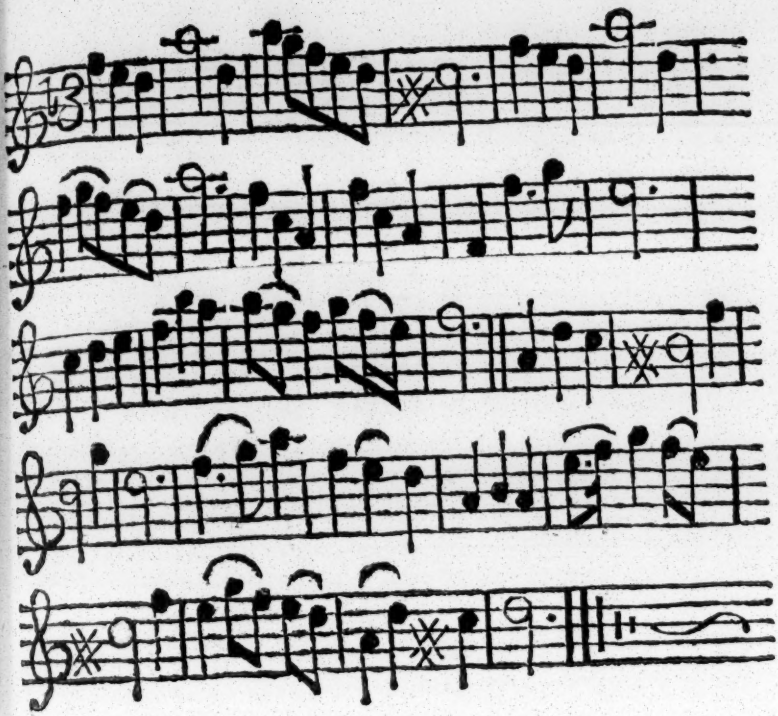
As t'other Day my Hand he ſeiz'd,
My Blood with thrilling Motion flew;
Sudden I put on Looks diſpleas'd,
And haſty from his Hold withdrew.

'Twas Fear alone, thou ſimple Swain;
Then hadſt thou preſt my Hand again,
My Heart had yielded too!

'Tis true, thy tuneful Reed I blam'd,
That ſwell'd thy Lip and roſie Cheek;
Think not thy Skill in Song defam'd:
That Lip ſhould other Pleaſures ſeek:
Much, much thy Muſick I approve;
Yet break thy Pipe, for more I love,
Much more, to hear thee ſpeak.

My Heart forebodes that I'm betray'd,
Daphnis, I fear, is ever gone;
Laſt Night with *Delia*'s Dog he play'd;
Love by ſuch Trifles firſt comes on.
Now, now, dear Shepherd, come away,
My Tongue would now my Heart obey.
Ah *Chloe*, thou art won!

The Youth ſtep'd forth with haſty Pace,
And found where wiſhing *Chloe* lay;
Shame ſudden lighten'd in her Face,
Confus'd, ſhe knew not what to ſay.
At laſt in broken Words, ſhe cry'd,
To-morrow you in vain had try'd,
But I am loſt To-day!

For the FLUTE.

Sung in LOVE and a BOTTLE.

How bleſt are Lovers in---- Diſguiſe!

Like Gods, they ſee, As I do thee, Un-

ſeen-- by Humane Eyes. Expos'd to View,

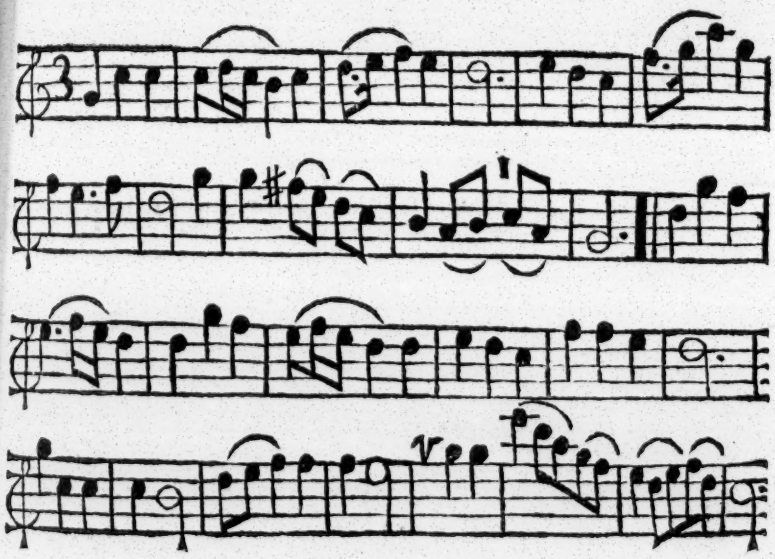
I'm hid from You; I'm alter'd, yet the

Same. The Dark conceals me, Love re-

veals me; Love, which lights me by its Flame.

Were

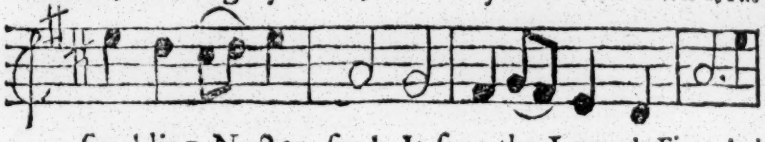
Were you not falſe, you me wou'd know;
For tho' your Eyes
Cou'd not deviſe,
Your Heart had told you ſo:
Your Heart wou'd beat
With eager Heat;
And me by Sympathy wou'd find:
True Love might ſee
One chang'd like me;
Falſe Love is only blind.

For the FLUTE.

The INVITATION.

By Mr. *THEOBALD*,

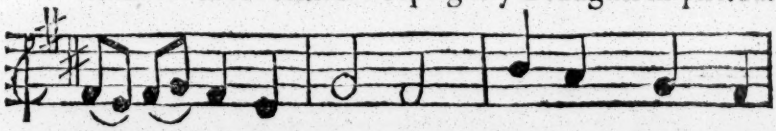
Dull Bus'neſs, hence! a-----void this ſacred Round: To

Mirth, and mighty Love, let ev'ry Bowl be crown'd. The

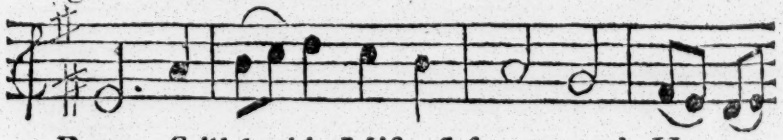


ſparkling Nectar ſee! It fans the Lover's Fire; And

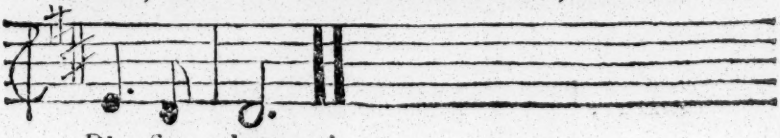
emulates thoſe Smiles its ſprightly Draughts inſpire. The



gen'rous Juice who ſcorns, and wears a ſul-----len



Brow, Still let his Miſtreſs frown, and He no

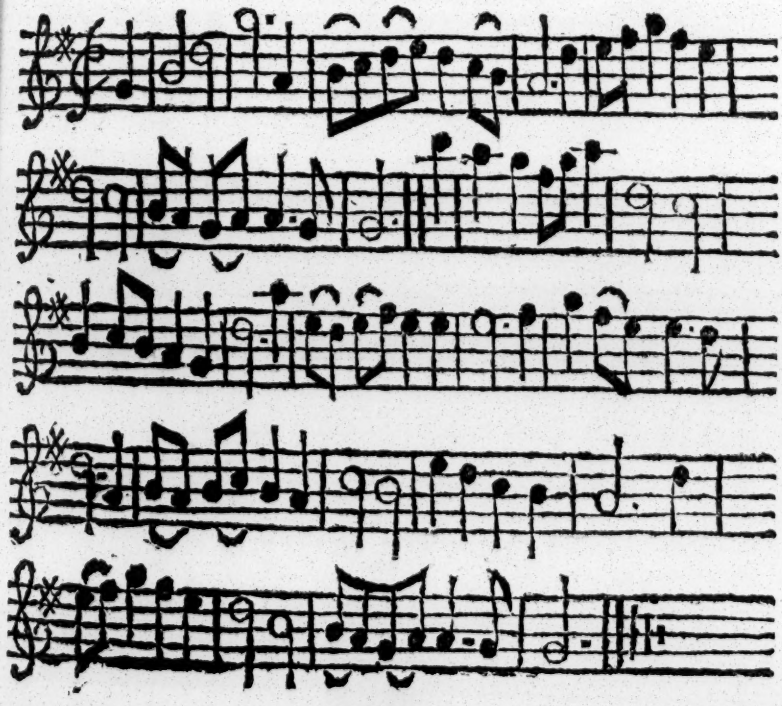


Pleaſures know!

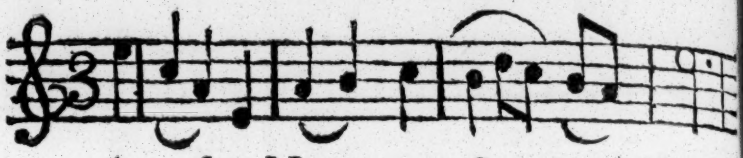
To

To *Chloe*'s Name let's conſecrate the Glaſs;
Chloe ſhall make each Round with livelier Tranſport paſs:
What tho' the Brain ſhould rock, and ſwimming Eyes
ſhould rowl?
Love, mighty Love, does more; intoxicates the Soul.
Then, like true Sons of Joy, let's laugh at the Preciſe:
When Wiſdom grows auſtere, 'tis Folly to be wiſe.

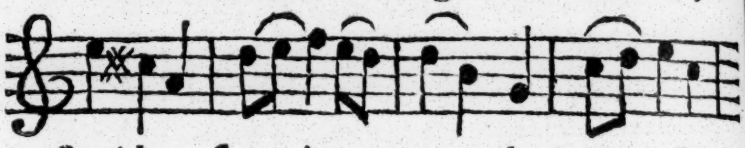
This 'tis to live; thus Time is nobly loſt:
To drink, and love, is All dull Man from Life can boaſt.
Thou Fiend, Reflection, hence! Mirth ſhall not be
allay'd,
Tho' leſs'ning Tapers waſte, and the pale Stars ſhould
fade.
No matter when the Morn, or brighter *Phœbus*, riſe;
The Morn's in *Chloe*'s Cheek, and *Phœbus* in her Eyes.

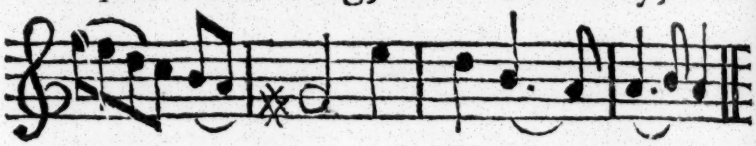
For the FLUTE.

CUPID *miſtaken.*

The Words by Mr. PRIOR.



As after Noon, one Summer's Day,

Venus ſtood bathing in a River;

Cupid, a ſhooting, went that way, New



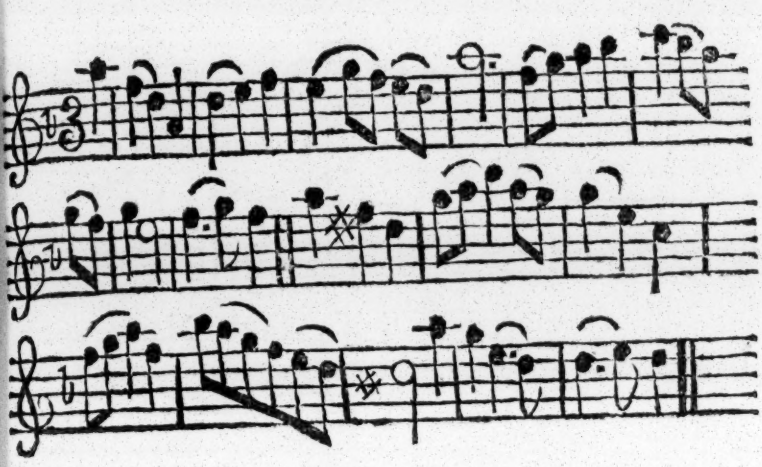
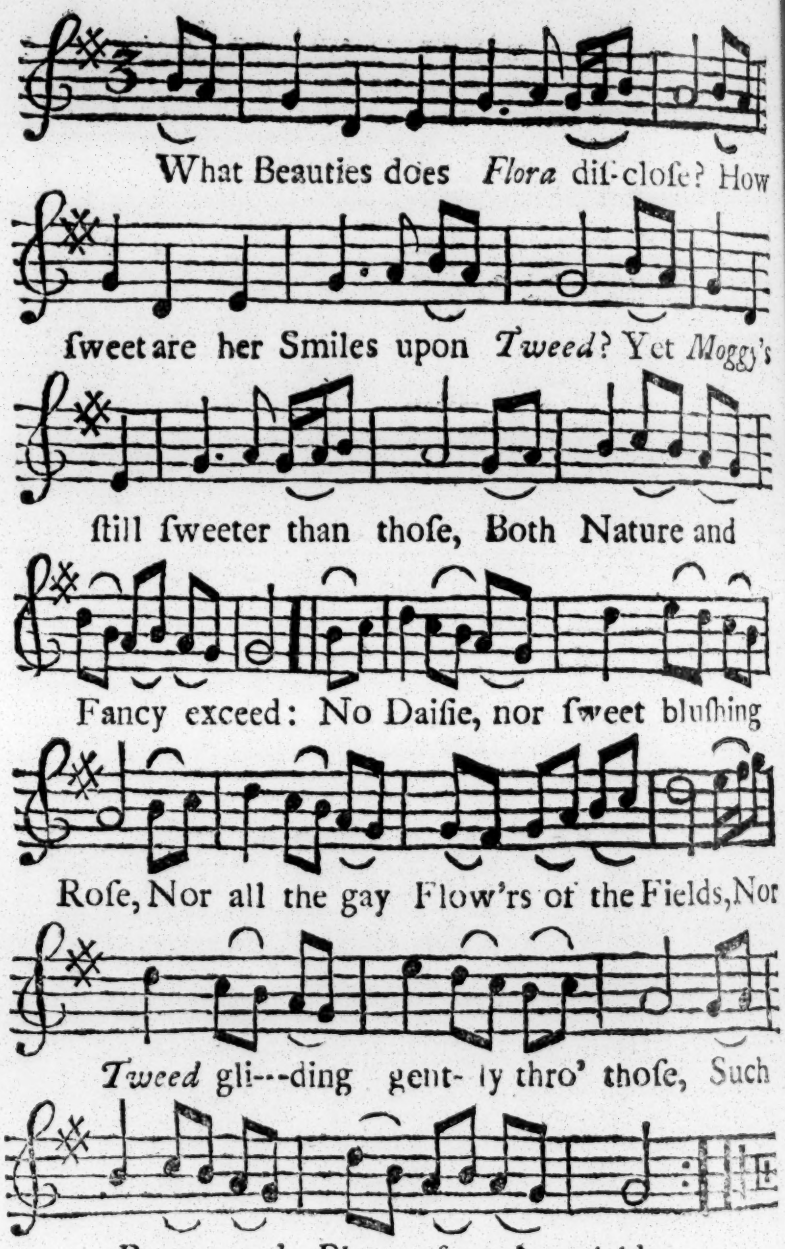
ſtrung his Bow, new fill'd his Quiver.

With Skill he choſe his ſharpeſt Dart:
With all his Might his Bow he drew.
Swift to his beauteous Parent's Heart
The too well-guided Arrow flew.

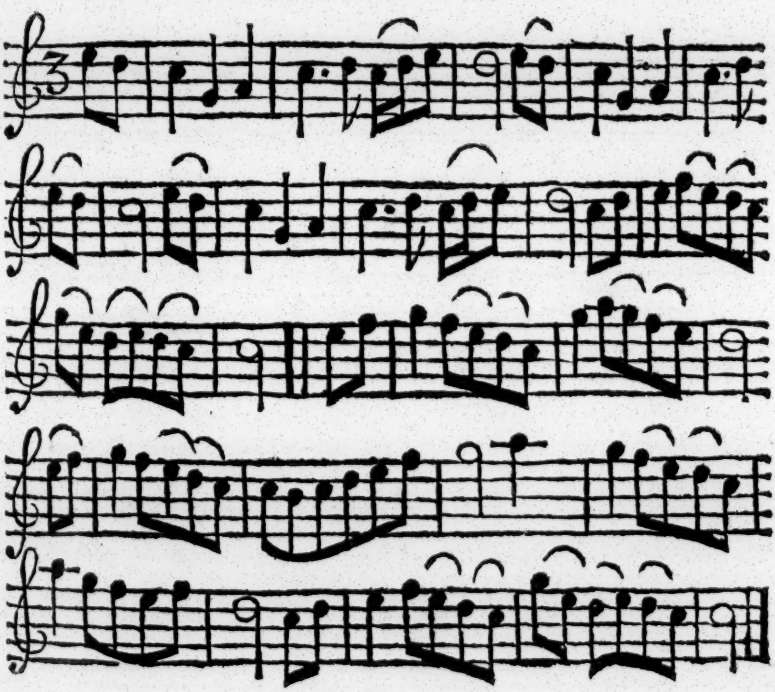
I faint! I die! the Goddeſs cry'd:
O cruel, could'ſt thou find none other
To wreck thy Spleen on? Parricide!
Like *Nero*, thou haſt ſlain thy Mother.

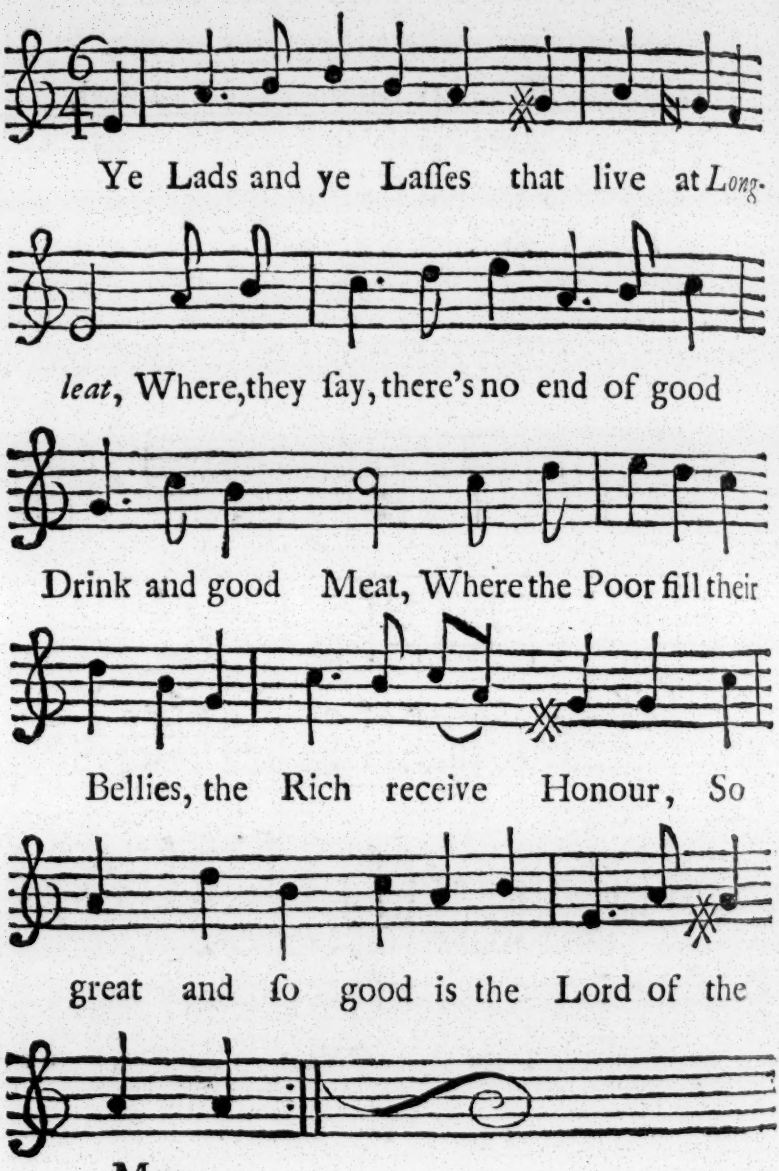
Poor

Poor *Cupid*, ſobbing, ſcarce could ſpeak;
Indeed, Mamma, I did not know Ye:
Alas! how eaſie my Miſtake?
I took you for your Likeneſs, *Chloe*.

For the FLUTE.

CHARMING *MOGGY.*

'Tis

'Tis She doth the Virgins excel,
No Beauty with her may compare;
Love's Graces all round her do dwell;
She's faireſt, where thouſands are fair.
Tweed's Murmurs ſhould lull her to Reſt,
Kind Nature indulging my Bliſs;
To relieve the ſoft Pains of my Breaſt,
I'd ſteal an Ambroſial Kiſs.

For the FLUTE.

The Cremona FIDDLE.



Ye

Ye Nymphs, and ye Swains, that inhabit the Place,
Give ear to my Song of a Fiddle's hard Caſe;
For it is of a Fiddle, a ſweet Fiddle I ſing,
A ſofter and ſweeter did never wear String.

Melpomene, lend me the Aid of thy Art,
Whilſt I the ſad Fate of this Fiddle impart;
For never had Fiddle a Fortune ſo bad;
Which ſhows the beſt Things the worſt Fortune have [had.

This Fiddle of Fiddles, when it came to be try'd,
Was as ſweet as a Lark, and as ſoft as a Bride;
This Fiddle to ſee, and its Muſick to hear,
Gave Delight to the Eye, while it raviſh'd the Ear.

But firſt, I muſt ſing of this Fiddle's Country;
'Twas born, and 'twas bred, in fair *Italy*;
In a Town where a Marſhal of *France* had the Hap
(*Fortune de la Guerre*) to be caught in a Trap.

And now, having ſung of this Fiddle's high Birth,
I ſhou'd ſing of the Fingers which made ſo much Mirth;
But Fingers ſo ſtrait, ſo ſwift, and ſo ſmall,
Shou'd be ſung by a Poet, or not ſung at all.

Tho' I am, God wot, but a poor Country Swain,
And cannot indite in ſo lofty a Strain;
So all I can ſay, is to tell you once more,
Such Hands and ſuch Fingers were ne'er ſeen before.

Having ſung of the Fingers and Fiddle, I trow,
You'll hold it but meet I ſhou'd ſing of the Bow;
The Bow it was Ebon, whoſe Virtue was ſuch,
It wounded your Heart, if your Ear it did touch.

Cupid fain wou'd have chang'd with this Bow for a [while;
To which the coy Nymph thus reply'd with a Smile,
My Bow is far better than your's, I'll appeal;
Your's only can kill, mine can both kill and heal.

This Fiddle, and Bow, and its Muſick together,
Wou'd make heavy Hearts as light as a Feather:
But, alas! when I ſhall its Cataſtrophe ſing,
Your Heart it will bleed, and your Hands you will ring.

This Fiddle was laid on a ſoft Eaſy-Chair,
Taking all for its Friends its ſweet Muſick did hear;
When ſtreight there came in a huge maſculine Bum,
I wiſh the De'il had it to make him a Drum.

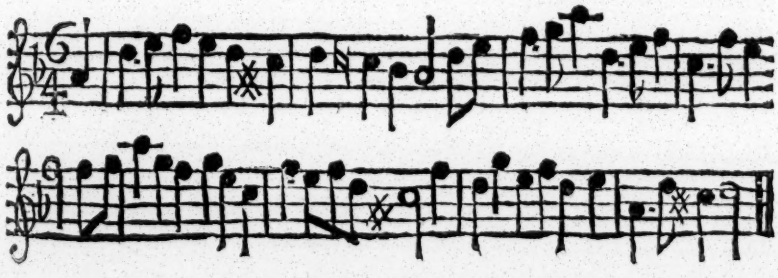
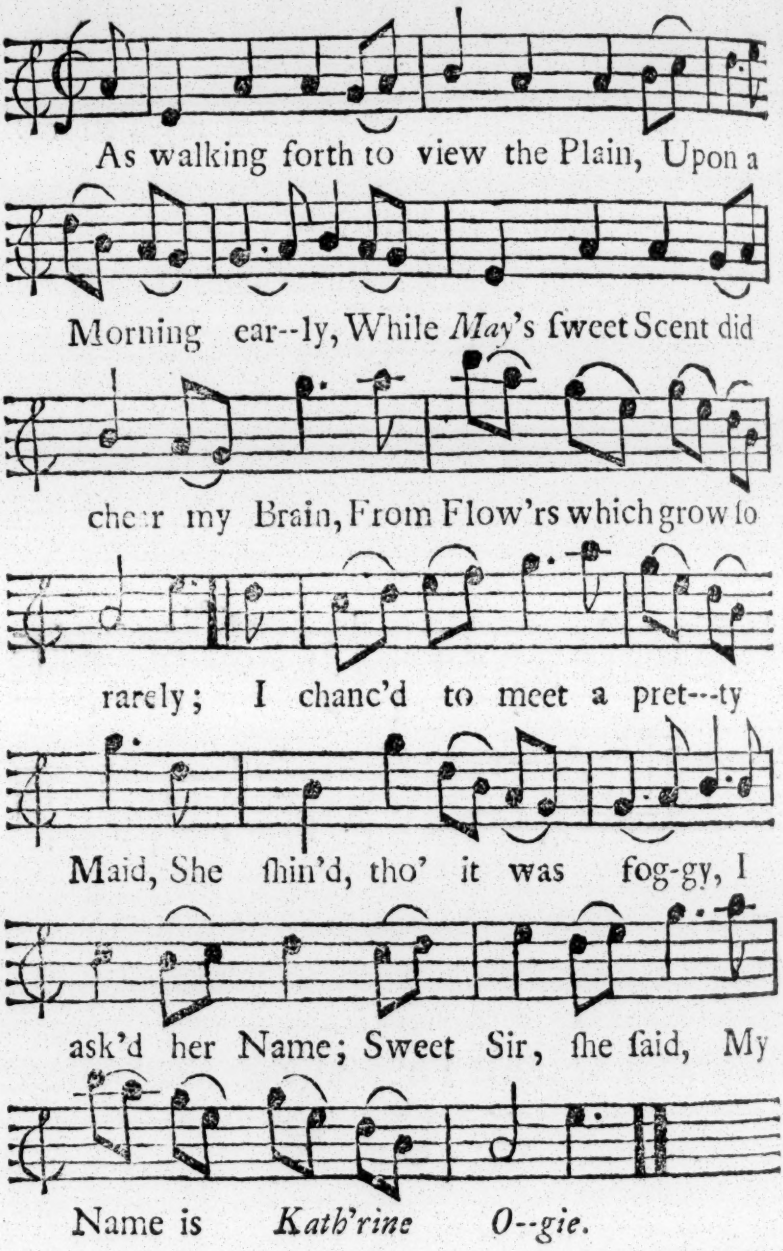
Now woe to the Bum, that this Fiddle demoliſh'd,
That has all our Muſick, and Paſtime, aboliſh'd;
May it never want Birch, to be ſwitch'd and be ſlaſh'd;
May it ever be itching, and never be ſcratch'd.

May it never break Wind in the Cholick ſo grievous;
A Penance too ſmall, for a Crime ſo miſchievous;
Ne'er find a ſoft Cuſhion its Anguiſh to eaſe,
While all is too little, my Wrath to appeaſe.

Of

Of other Bum-ſcapes may it ſtill bear the Blame,
Ne'er ſhew its bare Face, without Sorrow or Shame;
May it ne'er mount on Horſeback without loſs of Leather,
Which brings me almoſt to the End of my Tether.

And now, leaſt ſome Critick of deep Penetration
Shou'd attack our poor Ballad with grave Annotation.
The Fop muſt be told, without ſpeaking in Riddle,
He muſt firſt make a better, or kiſs this Bum-fiddle.

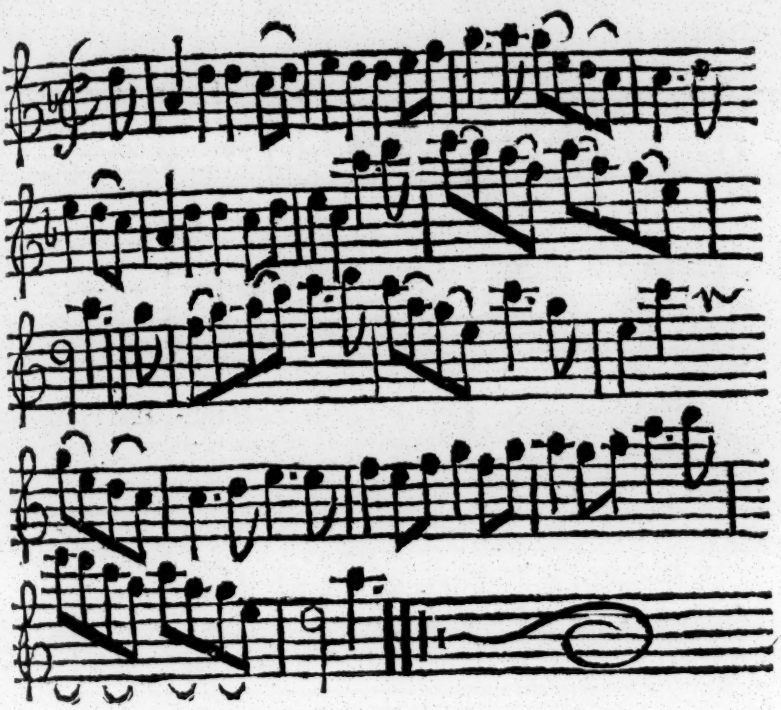
For the FLUTE.

KATHARINE OGIE.

I ſtood awhile, and did admire
To ſee a Nymph ſo ſtately;
So brisk an Air there did appear,
In a Country Maid ſo neatly;
Such nat'ral Sweetneſs ſhe diſplay'd
Like a Lillie in a Bogie;
Diana's Self was ne'er array'd
Like this ſame *Kath'rine Ogie*.

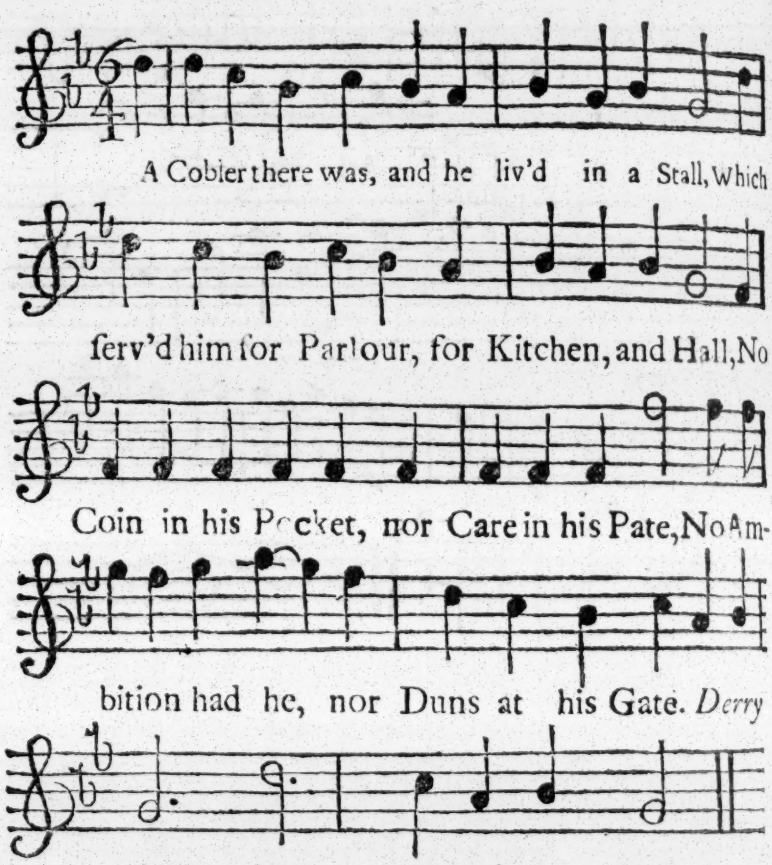
Thou Flower of Females, Beauty's Queen,
Who ſees thee ſure muſt prize thee;
Tho' thou art dreſt in Robes but mean,
Yet theſe cannot diſguiſe thee;
Thy handſome Air, and graceful Look
Far excels any clowniſh Rogie;
Thou'rt Match for Laird, or Lord, or Duke,
My charming *Kath'rine Ogie*.

O were I but ſome Shepherd-Swain,
To feed my Flock beſide thee;
At Boughting-time to leave the Plain,
In milking to abide thee;
I'd think my ſelf a happier Man,
With *Kate*, my Club, and Dogie,
Than he that hugs his Thouſands ten,
Had I but *Kath'rine Ogie*.

Then I'd deſpiſe th' Imperial Throne,
And Stateſmen's dang'rous Stations:
I'd be no King, I'd wear no Crown,
I'd ſmile at conqu'ring Nations;
Might I careſs, and ſtill poſſeſs,
This Laſs of whom I'm vogie:
For theſe are Toys, and ſtill look leſs,
Compar'd with *Kath'rine Ogie.*

But I fear the Gods have not decreed
For me ſo fine a Creature,
Whoſe Beauty rare makes her exceed
All other Works in Nature.
Clouds of Deſpair ſurround my Love,
That are both dark and fogie:
Pity my Caſe, ye Powers above,
Elſe I die for *Kath'rine Ogie.*

For the FLUTE.

The COBLER's END.

Set by Mr. *LEVERIDGE.*

Contented he work'd, and he thought himſelf happy,
If at Night he could purchaſe a Jug of brown Nappy,
He'd laugh then, and whiſtle, and ſing too moſt ſweet,
Saying, juſt to a Hair I've made both Ends meet.
Derry down, &c,

But

But Love, the Diſturber of High and of Low,
That ſhoots at the Peaſant as well as the Beau,
He ſhot the poor Cobler quite thorough the Heart;
I wiſh, it had hit ſome more ignoble Part.
Derry down, &c.

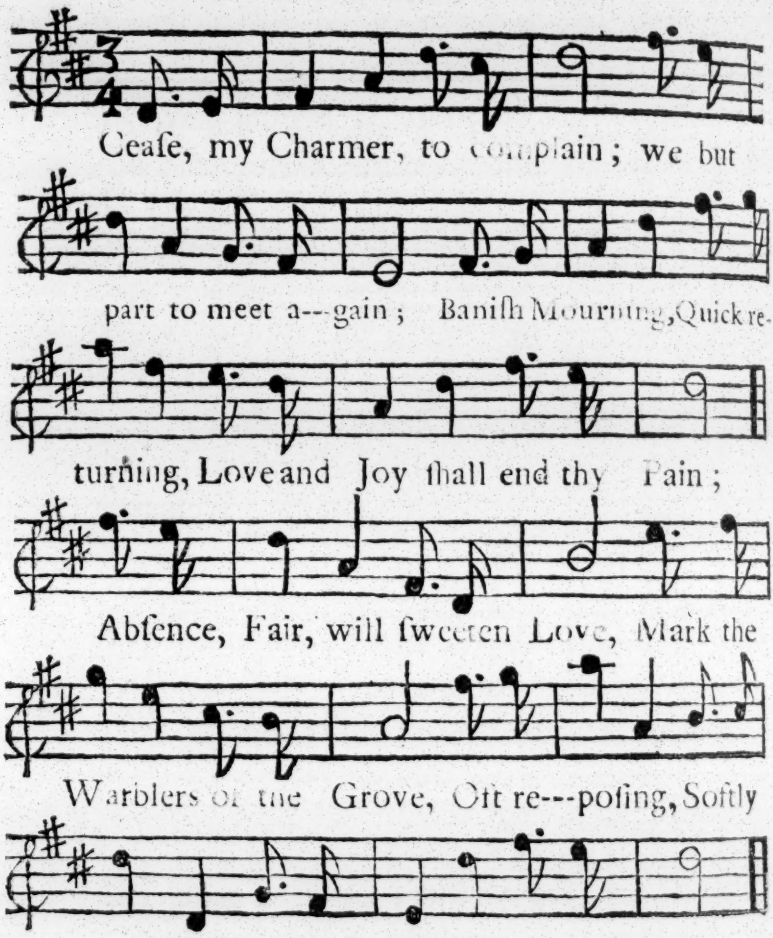
It was from a Cellar this Archer did play,
Where a buxom young Damſel continually lay;
Her Eyes ſhone ſo bright when ſhe roſe ev'ry Day,
That ſhe ſhot the poor Cobler quite over the Way.
Derry down, &c.

He ſung her Love-Songs as he ſat at his Work,
But ſhe was as hard as a *Jew*, or a *Turk*;
When-ever he ſpake, ſhe would flounce and would fleer,
Which put the poor Cobler quite into Deſpair.
Derry down, &c.

He took up his AUL, that he had in the World,
And to make away with himſelf was reſolv'd,
He pierc'd through his Body inſtead of the *Sole*,
So the Cobler he dy'd, and the Bell it did toll.
Derry down, &c.

And now in good Will I adviſe as a Friend,
All Coblers take notice of this Cobler's *End*;
Keep your Hearts out of Love, for we find by what's paſt,
That Love brings us all to an End at the *Laſt*.
Derry down, down, down, derry down.

The RELENTING LOVER.

Set by Mr. *GALLIARD.*

Fame and Honour bid me go;
What, alas! then ſhall I do?
Can I grieve her?
Shall I leave her?
Love, and Beauty, anſwer No.

Since

Since my Fair will have me ſtay,
Let me kiſs thoſe Tears away;
Fame defying,
Honour flying,
Love, and Her, I muſt obey.

A PASTORAL COURTSHIP.

To the foregoing Tune.

Gentle Zephyrs, ſilent Glades,
Purling Streams, and cooling Shades,
Senſes pleaſing,
Pains appeaſing,
Love each tender Breaſt invades.

Here the Graces Beauties bring,
Here the warbling Choiriſts ſing,
Love inſpiring,
All deſiring
To adorn the infant Spring.

Here behold the am'rous Swains,
Free from Anguiſh, free from Pains,
Nymphs complying,
Cares beguiling,
Venus, ſmiling, glads the Plains.

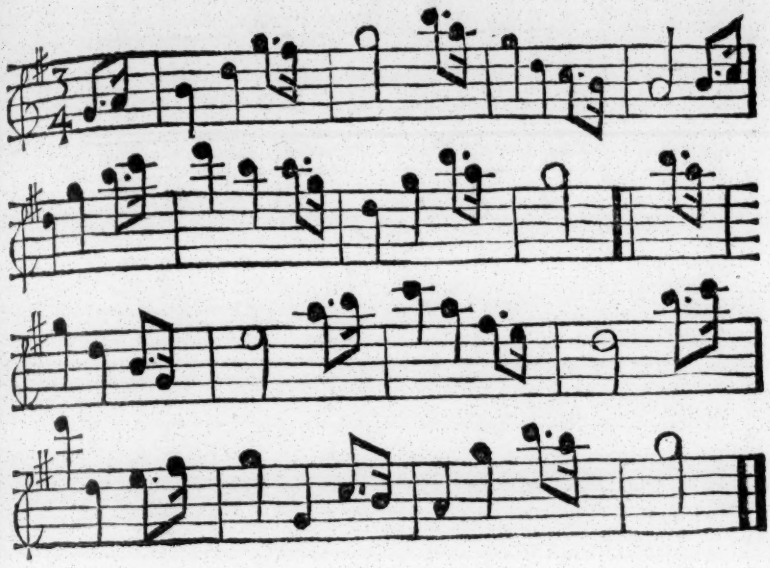
Let

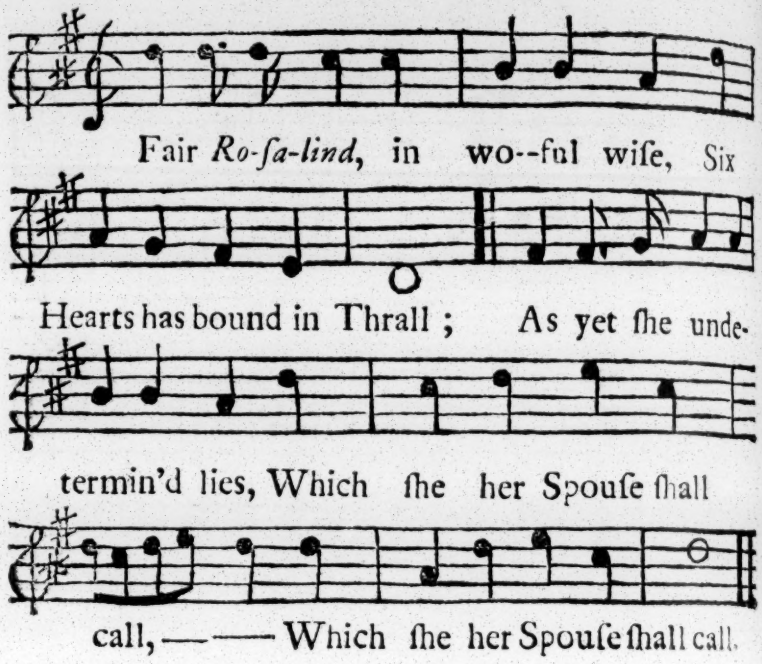
Let us not, too charming Fair,
Be the only hapleſs Pair:
Oh relieve me;
Ceaſe to grieve me;
Eaſe your anxious Lover's Care.

Kindly here indulge my Love;
This is, my Dear, no tell tale Grove;
Not revealing,
But concealing;
All to Love propitious prove.

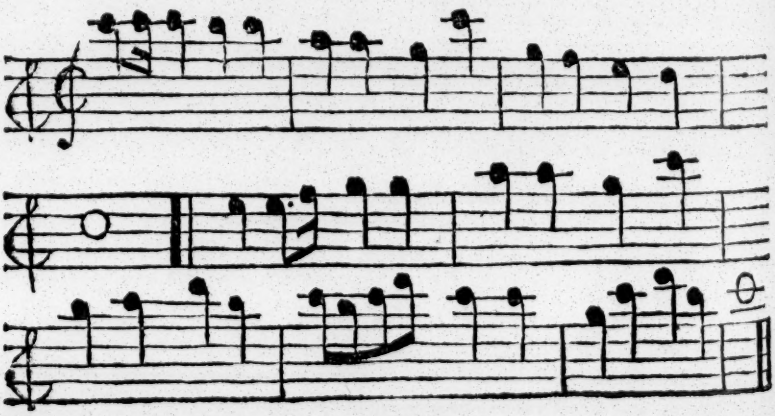
In thy Air, and charming Face,
Dwells an irreſiſtleſs Grace;
Ever charming,
Love alarming,
To purſue the bliſsful Chace.

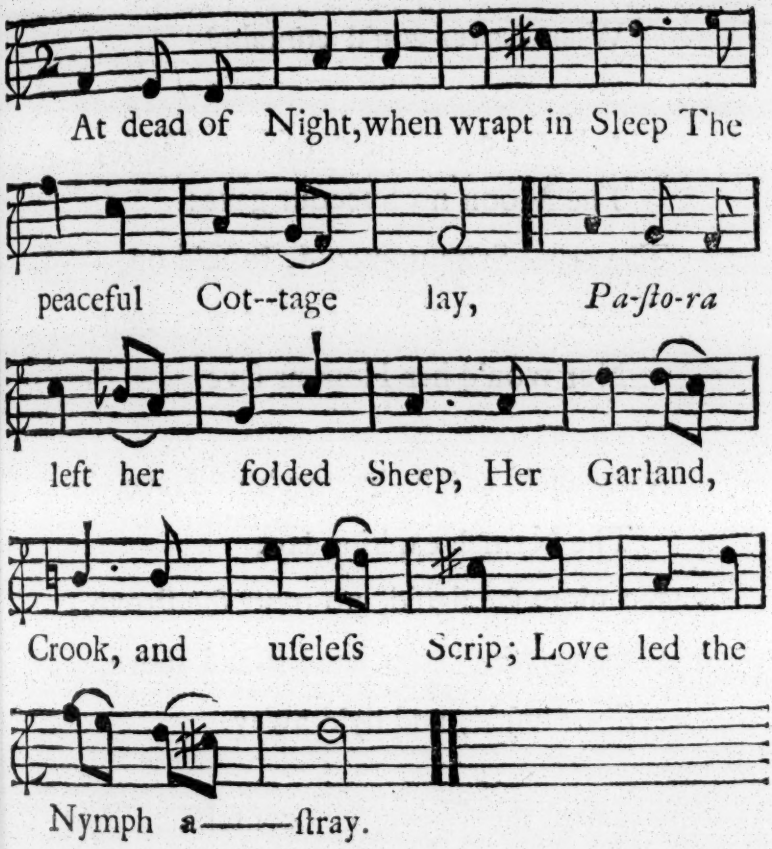
Let me touch this panting Breaſt;
Here for ever let me reſt;
Bliſs enjoying,
Never cloying,
Ever loving, ever bleſt.

For the FLUTE.

The JILT.



Wretched, and only wretched, he,
To whom that Lot ſhall fall;
For, if her Heart aright I ſee,
She means to pleaſe 'em All;
She means to pleaſe 'em All.

For the FLUTE.

The Power of LOVE.

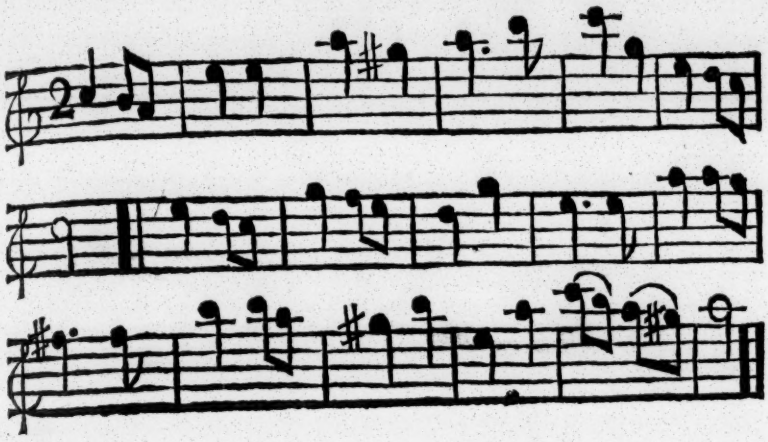
Set by Mr. *GALLIARD.*

Looſe, and undreſs'd, ſhe takes her Flight
To a near Myrtle Shade;
The conſcious Moon gave all her Light,
To bleſs her raviſh'd Lover's Sight,
And guide the loving Maid.

His eager Arms the Nymph embrace,
And, to aſſwage his Pain,
His reſtleſs Paſſion he obeys:
At ſuch an Hour, in ſuch a Place,
What Lover cou'd contain?

In vain ſhe call'd the conſcious Moon,
The Moon no Succour gave:
The cruel Stars unmov'd, look'd on,
And ſeem'd to ſmile at what was done,
Nor wou'd her Honour ſave.

Vanquiſh'd at laſt, by pow'rful Love,
The Nymph expiring lay;
No more ſhe ſigh'd, no more ſhe ſtrove,
Since no kind Stars were found above,
She bluſh'd, and dy'd away.

Yet bleſt the Grove, her conſcious Flight,
And Youth, that did betray;
And panting, dying with Delight,
She bleſt the kind tranſporting Night.
And curs'd approaching Day.

For the FLUTE.

The End of the Second Volume.

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